

The
Western Home
Monthly



BAITING HER HOOK.



WHERE FISH ABOUND.

for July
1904.

Origin of Red Fife Wheat.

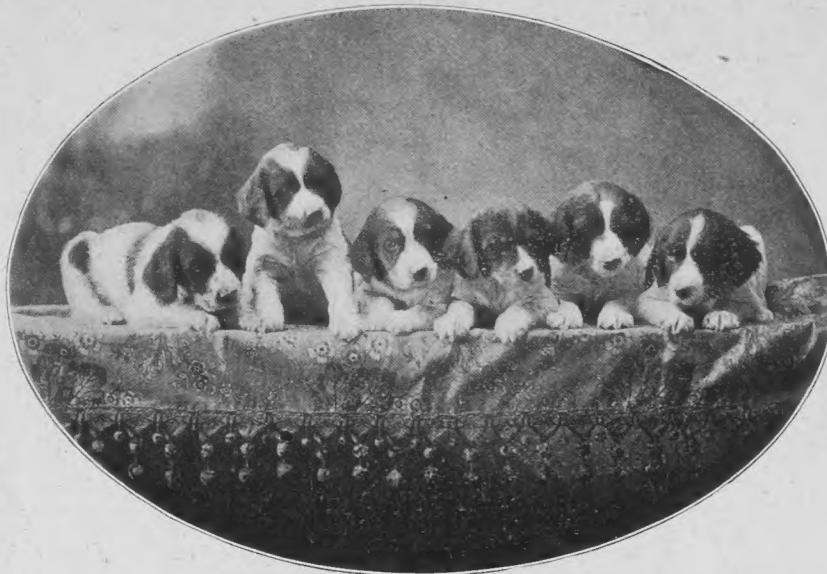
Among the spring wheats commonly grown at the time the farms were established none was so highly or justly esteemed as the Red Fife and the position it still holds is a pre-eminent one. It is remarkable for its productiveness, for its high quality, and for its power of adapting itself to varying conditions of soil and climate. This wheat originated about sixty years ago, and in the Canadian Agriculturist for 1861 the following account of its origin is given:

"About the year 1842 Mr. David Fife, of the Township of Otonabee, Canada West, now Ontario, procured, through a friend in Glasgow, Scotland, a quantity of wheat which had been obtained from a cargo direct from Dantzic. As it came to hand just before spring seed time, and not knowing whether it was a fall or spring variety, Mr. Fife concluded to sow a part of it that spring and wait for the result. It proved to be a fall wheat, as it never ripened except three ears which grew apparently from a single grain. These were preserved and, although grown the next year under unfavorable circumstances, being quite late and in a shady place, it proved at harvest to be entirely free from rust when all wheat in the neighborhood was badly rusted. The produce of this was carefully preserved and from it sprung the variety of wheat known over Canada and the Northern States by the different names of Fife, Scotch and Glasgow."

From this it would appear that the Red Fife has been in cultivation for more than half-a-century, and it does not show any tendency to deterioration. It gives as large a crop and is as high in quality as it ever was. It was taken from Ontario to Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, where it is believed to have improved in quality, and as grown there stands probably higher in the estimation of millers for the making of flour than any other known variety.—William Saunders in Canadian Magazine.

Sitting out on Summer Evenings

The Ladies' Home Journal says: This is a custom not to be condemned, but to be encouraged under favorable circumstances. From a social, as well as a health, point of view, it is desirable when the necessary precautions are taken, viz.: First, protect yourself, if in a malarial district, by keeping the system well toned up through proper exercise and nutritious food, thus fortifying yourself outwardly and inwardly. Disease is not an attack, but a summing up. Keep all the vital organs up to the proper standard of activity, and they will do excellent sentinel duty and will not allow the enemy to encoach upon you. Malaria (bad air) is more or less prevalent everywhere, but all bad air is not miasmatic. All things considered, outdoor air is



HAVING THEIR PICTURES TAKEN.

Owned by C. Jones, Boissevain, Man.

preferable to indoor air on hot summer nights.

Second, Avoid draughts, if overheated.

Third, Sit under cover, if possible, if there is much dampness in the air.

Remember that electricity is life, and that we do not get it from the earth, but the earth takes it from us; therefore keep your feet from the wet boards or the wet grass in order that the vitality of your body be not re-

duced by the dampness conducting the electricity from your body. Even the dampness of the clothing is not desirable, and should by all means be avoided, as it also reduces the vital force. Sitting under cover, unless the dampness is very penetrating, will not affect unpleasantly one who is in fairly good health.

Fourth, protect the back of the neck when sitting out of doors. It is the most vulnerable point for colds in the whole body—that is, if there are no diseased organs. I am now talking of prevention, not the removal of disease. The word "cold" is a misnomer. It is more akin to a fever; the system becomes clogged as the pores become closed, and the circulation is impeded, and what is commonly called a cold is the result. Whatever may be the manner of dress during the day, when night comes make preparation for the atmospheric change. True, it may still be warm, but it is less warm than during the day; hence more protection is needed for the body. Men, for some reason, are likely to be more cautious than women. A man may have been comfortable during the day by wearing a very thin coat, but when night comes he dons a heavier one, while the woman often sacrifices comfort for looks, and makes no addition to her day attire.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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One Summer's Eve

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by Mai.

The day had been hot, very hot, and close, and now evening was drawing in, dull and muggy, though here by the river a faint breeze like a lost ghost of some happier day wandered noiselessly. The trees leant over the dark water and shook warning fingers at their own shadows, and the water lapped monotonously on the pallid stones.

"Aren't you going in, Art?" my companion whispered.

"Yes, yes, I think so. Of course," I answered, tugging viciously at my boot-lace.

We had come that far, three miles from any house for a swim to cool us after the long hot day in the fields. But now our eagerness had ebbed. I was cool already with the clammy coldness of an incomprehensible dread, as if

some mystic finger from the Great Beyond had beckoned me. Did some unknown horror hang over this pool? Its dark sullen depth showed nothing; it but mocked our searching eyes. Both our minds were busy with the thought of that dark tragedy whose final act was played out by this little stream. Ah me, what hideous fiends are men when their dark passions are aroused.

"It was not here?" I strove to make my voice ring firm, but yet it sank to the awed whisper George had used. "It was not here they met?"

"They said so," he answered, "See how the bushes are bent and torn over there, just beyond the boat; may be that is the spot."

I looked. In disorder they dropped down. Was it but imagination, or a ray from the west that made the leaves

darken and tinge a deep, deep red; or were there still lingering there the traces of that gruesome struggle?

"They say," whispered George, "That in three days a—a body-like that, you know, one—, one-mur—killed, will always rise, and, and to-night's the third night."

I did not answer, my skin tingled and shrank at the thought of the touch of that water, that black sullen water with its awful secret.

The silence pressed upon us. The shadows had deepened, the farther bank lay in utter darkness. Even the wind had fallen shudderingly away, only the monotonous lapping like the dripping of blood from a scaffold.

"Let's go home and never mind the swim," his voice, but the merest vapour, yet sounded harsh upon the stillness.

"Ye—," I unclosed my lips for the word, but it froze e'er it was uttered. My very flesh crept, and my eyes were riveted on a Thing, a darker shadow amid the shadows, emerging slowly from the dense gloom of the shore.

What was it? Could it be? I felt my heart tighten and my breath come fast. I felt more than heard George's smothered gasps besides me.

The water lay still, dark and still, as those deep pools so often do. It lay still, and yet that Thing moved on slowly, slowly.

"Do you think—Could it be?"

"George, it might be him." He knew whom I meant, he on whom we could have staked our faith and trust. He, so lately our friend, now lost, lost even to fair memory.

To my imagination came a sudden vision of a lonely home, where horror had laid an icy finger on the lips of each.

"We must—we must try to save It, to bring It to shore," my lips would hardly frame the words, my tongue faltered. "Come, George," I stood up though my knees shook below me, "Come on."

But he spoke not, moved not. His eyes yet followed the Thing. I grabbed his shoulder, he wrenched himself free, "I won't, oh! I can't," he cried.

"Come," I said, half commanding, half entreating, but he flung himself upon the ground and grovelled that he might not see.

I hesitated, fear and horror held me still, I felt that I too dared not. Then I thought of the lonely mother, and summoning all my courage, I dropped



CAMP OF MORDENITES AT LAKE KILLARNEY, MAN.

from the low bank into the boat and shoved out quickly from those stained leaves.

The current deep and strong caught my light craft and whirled it round. It caught on the stones of the rapids just below. I seized an oar, and with all the power of my fear in my stroke I wrenched it off. It flew round easily, and with the sudden move I staggered and all but went in headlong. With desperate energy I saved myself, but the cold sweat broke out on me to think how nearly I had to swim in the water with that Thing at my side.

I hurriedly put the other oar in the clumsy ill-fitting rowlock. A few strokes and I saw the object floating there, rolling slightly with the flow of

would feel. But my fingers only closed amid the throbbing water and my boat floated away with me in it. I sought for my oar, but it had fallen outside the boat and was lost in the gloom. I wrenched the other from the rowlock and again I drew near, though I loathed to approach. This time I brought the boat alongside, and dropping the oar bent down. Oh! how tenderly would I draw that poor misused form to shore. My fingers reached out quickly and bumped upon an old elm log!!



Animals at School.

Is there anything which, without great violence to language, may be

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH HAS NO EQUAL

the particular bird or animal. A young marsh hawk which we reared used to play at striking leaves or bits of bark with its talons; kittens play with a ball, or a cob, or a stick, as if it were a mouse; dogs race and wrestle with each other as in the chase; ducks dive and sport in the water; doves circle and dive in the air as if escaping from a hawk; birds pursue and dodge each

thoughtless acts. The cat and the kitten play with the live mouse, not to indulge the sense of cruelty, as some have supposed, but to indulge in the pleasure of the chase and of capture, and unconsciously to practice this feat. The cat rarely plays with a live bird, because the recapture would be more difficult and might fail. What fisherman would not like



AN OLD 'UN.

the water. I could see a gleam of white now and then, and thought how still and set that face would look.

Suddenly shriek upon shriek, and scream upon scream of wild demoniac laughter echoed from the shore. Was George, too, to be added to the tale of victims?

I sprang to my feet shaking. The laughter had died away amid the stress. The Thing lay just beyond me. With frightened energy I paddled towards it. Now I was almost beside it. Could I reach it? I dropped my oars and ran forward. As I stretched out my hand toward it, I thought how cold and clammy those death drenched clothes

called a school of the woods? In the sense in which a playground is a school—a playground without rules or methods or a director—there is a school of the woods. It is an unkept, an unconscious school or gymnasium, and is entirely instinctive. In play the young of all animals, no doubt get a certain amount of training and disciplining which helps fit them for their future careers; but this school is not presided over or directed by parents, though it is sometimes taken part in by them. It is spontaneous and haphazard, without rule or system; but is, in every case, along the line of the future struggle for life of

other in the same way; bears wrestle and box; chickens have mimic battles; colts run and leap; fawns probably do the same thing; squirrels play something like a game of tag in the trees; lambs butt one another and skip about the rocks, and so on.

In fact, nearly all play, including much of that of man, takes the form of mock battle, and is to that extent an education for the future. Among the carnivora it takes also the form of the chase. Its spring and motive are, of course, pleasure, and not education; herein again revealing the cunning of nature—the power that conceals purposes of its own in our most

to capture his big fish over and over again, if he could be sure of doing it, not from cruelty, but for the pleasure of practising his art?—Century.



A bad woman's way is the world's way.

Orange Meat
A Perfect Food

A Brave Little Woman

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Isabel Lamb.

It was one of those golden days in autumn when nature seemed at her brightest. The sun shone and it seemed as if every little feather songster of the forest was trying to out-do himself, as they hopped about from one tree to another or flew by the door where Annie Haze stepped about lightly at her household duties.

She had come into the woods but a year before with her young husband to try and build up a home for themselves.

They had not much money, but they were young and strong, and determined to succeed which is half the battle.

Their farm lay along the river so they built their house close to it so as to be handy to get water as well as for fishing and trapping. Already there was quite a clearing about the house and little log stable and sheds. They had been able by a great deal of hard work the winter before to buy a team of horses and one cow. They had also two pigs which they had raised that summer.

Early that morning John had left for town with the horses, one of which had lost a shoe and also to bring back provisions.

It was now near eleven o'clock and Annie was beginning to look for him back.

Her house, though small, was clean and had an air of cheeriness about it which is not always to be found in larger houses. She had just finished her ironing and was starting to get dinner, when she heard the most frightful uproar in the pig pen, it seemed as if a dozen pigs were being killed at once.

Annie rushed from the house just in time to see a huge black bear climbing out of the pen with one of the pigs which although near dead from fright, was still making a brave attempt at protest by squealing whenever it could get breath.

When Annie first caught sight of the bear she stopped and stared, this was something she had not expected. But she did not stand still very long. They needed that pig very badly and the bear was walking off with it as if he had a right to. The yard was full of chips and sticks which had fallen from John's axe as he chopped the logs.

Seizing a good sized stick Annie let it fly at the bear. But she might as well have saved herself the trouble for the bear warded it off with one of his paws as if he had been a trained boxer, while he kept tight hold of the pig with the other and made off for the bush. Stick after stick flew after him but with no better success than the first. At last seeing that this would not do she stopped.

But she did not intend to let the pig go for all that. Something must be done and she was the only one there to do it.

At least she could follow and see where the bear went, it would not be likely to go far with the pig which was a good sized one, and so long as it had the pig it did not seem to pay the least attention to her.

So off she started, keeping a good distance behind. Deeper and deeper into the bush they went, the brush got thicker and she had to come nearer so as to keep the bear in sight, for by this time the pig had stopped squealing and Annie thought very likely it was dead.

But she kept bravely on. At last, when they had gone about a mile into the bush, the bear stopped under a turned-up root and began to make its dinner off the pig. Annie stayed until she had seen it start to eat the pig and then knowing it would be there for the rest of that day, started back home which she reached just as John drove into the clearing. It did not take long to tell what had happened and John started on one of his horses for the nearest neighbors which was two miles away.

Sandy Stewart was fond of sport and when he heard of the bear walking off

in broad daylight with a pig he was as anxious as John to get after it. It was not long before they were on the trail of the bear which they could have followed without Annie's assistance but she wanted to be one of the party.

They found the bear asleep under the same root where it had had its dinner and one well-directed bullet from John's rifle finished it.

It proved to be an unusually large bear, and before Christmas the dark glossy fur was made into a nice coat for Annie which John said she deserved for being such a brave little woman. Annie is an old woman now with white hair, but she never tires of telling her grandchildren the story of how the bear stole the pig.

Why are tears like potatoes? Because they spring from the eyes.

A Novel Life-Saving Boat.

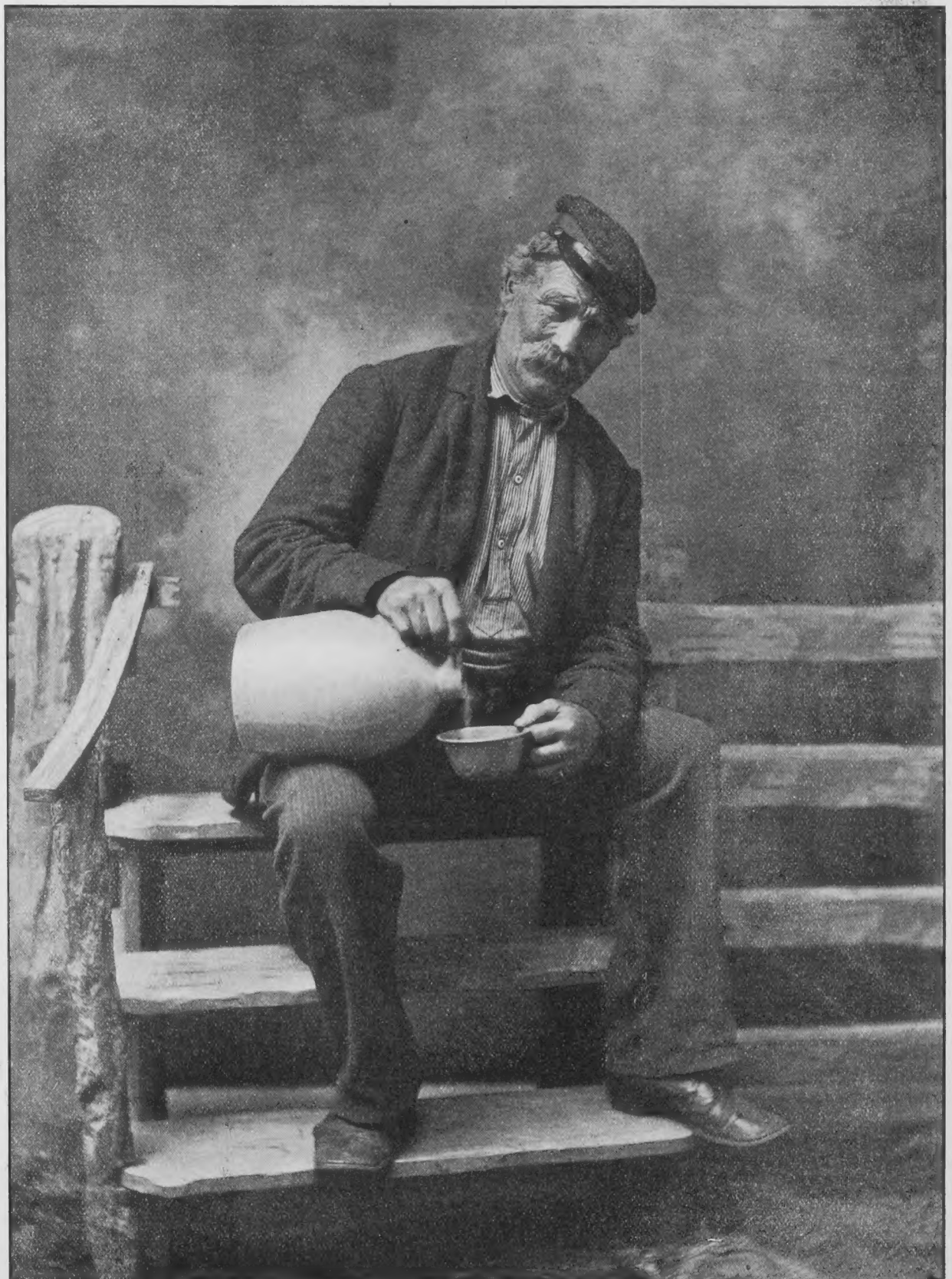
The Scientific American says: James Mitchell, Sr., of Arrow River, Manitoba, Canada, is the inventor of a novel life-saving boat, which has more than once been made the subject of a note in this journal. Mr. Mitchell sends us two certificates, issued by the Naval Assistant's office at Halifax, in which some interesting tests made with the life-boat are described. In November 1902, a lifeboat was built according to Mr. Mitchell's plans, which was made the subject of rigorous tests. She carried about 1,200 pounds of ballast in addition to five men on the thwarts, in the bottom of the boat. She was parbuckled over, and righted very quickly and satisfactorily. A boat, similar to this, was ordered by the Dominion government for the fishery protection cruiser "Acadia." She was tested without any ballast whatever, with only three men on board, who held on to the thwarts. When parbuckled over, she righted at once. The Naval Assistant gave it as his opinion that the Mitchell lifeboat was thoroughly self-righting without ballast. Admiral Rivet, of the French flagship "Tage," made a test on July 28, 1903, on which occasion the boat was launched from a wharf 14 feet

6 inches above the tide level. The boat took the water end-on with a crew in her, was immersed about one-third of her length, and then floated on an even keel.

Brooms, like all household articles, need occasional baths. They should be dipped in salt water, to keep the straw in good condition, as well as to dispose of dust and microbes, and when not in use should be hung up. When sweeping, persons should be careful not to use their backs, but merely exercise the arms.

There is a blind music teacher in the city of Indianapolis who possesses a remarkable memory. He has already committed to memory two thousand one hundred names and telephone calls of the telephone directory in that place and believes he can master the entire list of many thousand names.

Perhaps it is a good thing that women are deficient in a sense of humor. Man is so often ridiculous.



EVERY HOUR I NEED THEE.



AT DEER LODGE, THREE MILES WEST OF WINNIPEG.

Let Us Love and Laugh To-Day.

Brightest eyes are dimmed by tears,
Reddest lips must fade with years,
Let us love then, while we may,
Let us love and laugh to-day.

Sweetheart, how shall we forget,
Sorrows that old age beset?
There is but a single way,
Let us love and laugh to-day.

Kiss me then, and be not coy,
Kissing is love's sweetest joy;
Come, my sweet, oh, come, I pray,
Let us love and laugh to-day.

On the Balcony.

Major John Rowland, guest of the fashionable Mrs. DeJenare, leaned against the balcony railings and listened with a grave, thoughtful face to the sweet, clear notes that floated from the window opposite him.

"I suppose I ought to go in and be introduced to the latest guests," he muttered, "but I really get more enjoyment from those songs out here under the clear sky than I should in there with the glare of lights about me and the perfumery of the ladies and their chatter taking my thoughts from the music." He sighed and settled himself more comfortably in his chair. From his seat the songs came to him clearly and he could even see a portion of the room, "Miss St. Ogg," he thought, as a clear, sweet voice broke the stillness following the last song, "By jove, what a sweet voice the girl has! Only one other woman in the world could sing like that." His head fell forward on his breast and he seemed lost in a deep and sorrowful reverie. Suddenly he started to his feet, "What is the girl singing? Oh heavens, of all songs in the world, that!" he stood in a half daze as through the window floated the words, of a sweet, simple little love-song:—

"If we should ever part, love,
Our lives, till we should meet,
Would be one long and dreary night,
Oh, how I love thee, sweet!"

The singer's voice lingered over the last line caressingly, with a low thrilling tenderness in every note that seemed to strike to the heart of the man who stood rigid and motionless outside the window on the wide balcony. As he stood thus he fancied he heard a sound, as of some one in pain, behind him on the other side of the vine-covered balcony. He wheeled around but as he turned his eye fell on something lying at his feet, he stooped to pick it up, it

was a lovely, half-opened, white rose-bud. "The very one she gave me ten years ago, I'd swear," muttered the Major, gazing at it with unseeing eyes. At that moment he heard his hostess' voice exclaim near the window, "Do you know where Lizbeth has gone, Mrs. Jamison?" The Major started, a great thrill shot through his veins and his hand closed convulsively on the stem of the sweet flower. "Lisbeth, Lisbeth," he muttered hoarsely, "Oh, heaven, is this merely a night of cruel, haunting memories; or does it mean—Lisbeth?" Again the clear voice rang out:—

"If we should ever part, love,
Our lives till we should meet,
Would be one long and dreary night,
Oh how I love thee, sweet!"

"Is it as true of her as it has been of me, I wonder" he whispered. "Oh Lizbeth you cannot know how true it is of me, 'One long and dreary night,' dear, and no hope of dawn appearing." Once again that peculiar sound from the end of the balcony arrested his attention and he made one step towards it. The figure of a woman was dimly discernable among the vines. As he approached she started up and a stray beam of light from the window fell upon a face, wet and distorted with tears but still sweet. The Major paused one second—one breathless second—then a great cry broke from him, "Lizbeth!—at last!" "John!" and the next moment the brown head was pillowed on his breast and for the first time in ten years the Major's heart was at rest, "Oh my love," he whispered, a great joy shining in his eyes and dispelling the darkness around them. "I have found you at last, Lizbeth. if you knew the years I have spent and the heart-aches I have suffered in searching for you since we parted in anger so long ago, you would pity me indeed. That song brought it all back in double forcefulness, love, do you remember when you sang it to me?" "Yes," she whispered, raising her face to his, "I, too, was remembering it, it was the night before that awful day we parted, I gave you a white rose-bud, you remember." "Yes," he answered, showing her the flower still clasped in his hand "this is its counterpart, Lizbeth, is it not? it came with the song and the mention of your name to tell me you were near." Once again that lingering, tender voice reached their ears, "Oh! how I love you sweet!" and Major Rowland's eyes, looking into the glowing face of his long lost sweetheart, echoed the song.

What letter has only been used twice in America? The letter a.

Do Dogs Reason.

John Blank, the librarian at Lundun, was talking about animal stories and the growing interest of that line of literature, despite the preposterousness of some of the tales, and the almost impossible things credited by authors to horses, dogs, and other animals, when I related to him what, as a boy, I had seen an uneducated farm horse do. The old horse had pushed the barn door open and walked out. The door, being out of plumb at the hinges, swung against the side of the barn. The horse turned about, hooked his feed-feeler over the edge of the door, slammed it shut, and started to walk away, but he had closed the door with so much force that it bounded open, though not so wide as before. Then he stopped, turned about again, and closed it not quite so hard. This time the rebound threw it open about ten inches. The horse looked at it for five or ten seconds, and then nosed it up again very softly. It remained closed, and the horse walked off. When midway in the barn lot he stopped, looked in the direction of the barn, and then went to the water trough and took a long drink.

"Three months ago," said Mr. Blank, "a neighbor of mine died. At the house they kept a very ordinary dog, which my neighbor had never made much of; but, being a kind, good-natured man, he had never abused him. After my neighbor's death, this old dog would take his place on the walk outside the gate to meet his master, who had always reached home at a certain hour. The family noticed the dog's actions, but not one of the members of it could remember having ever before seen him watch for his master.

"Yesterday I called at their home and found a stranger there. The old dog trotted across the room, but stopped when he heard the stranger's voice. He looked at me and I spoke to him. The stranger spoke again and the dog turned and faced him. The man had not paid the slightest attention to the dog, but the animal's

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Collingwood, Ont.

actions were so unusual that I could not take my eyes from him. The old fellow tilted his head to one side, took a few steps forward, and then sat in front of the man and gazed in his face. Next, he put his front feet on the man's knees and listened intently, while the man, heedless of the dog's familiarity, talked to me. He climbed into the man's lap and looked up at his face. Then he stood on his hind feet, put a paw on each of the man's shoulders, and gazed into his eyes.

"It may have been only my imagination, but it seemed to me that I had never before seen such a troubled, puzzled look in an animal's eyes as that dog wore as he stared into the man's face and tried to reason it out."

"What was the cause of his behavior?" I asked.

"The stranger," said Mr. Blank, "was the dead man's brother, whom the dog till that day had never seen."

—Cy Warman.

Why should you not object to your wife sitting up all night to darn stockings? Because it is never too late to mend.

What is the difference between a railroad conductor and a bad cold? One knows the stops, and the other stops the nose.



"SHAWNA" (in English "Sweet Thing"), AN APACHE BELLE,

About a Horse Nail.

"A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a Nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the rider was lost—being overtaken and slain by the enemy—all for want of care about a Horse Shoe Nail."

—Benjamin Franklin, 1758.

Just a few words about ourselves and the "C" brand horse nails.

This Company was established in 1865, and have therefore been manufacturing horseshoe nails for nearly 39 years.

We make nothing else but horse nails, and are the largest producers of this article in Canada. We believe nearly equal to all others combined.

Our horse nails are of one quality only—the best that our long experience can produce. We use exclusively a special quality of material, made for our purpose in Sweden, which is the best known or used by any maker of horse nails in the world.

Starting with the best material, we use the old and well-tried hot-forged process, by which our

nails are thoroughly forged from the nail rods at a red heat, and finished and pointed by a process used only by us in Canada.

Every nail is hand sorted and examined, to prevent an imperfect nail from entering a box bearing our "C" brand.

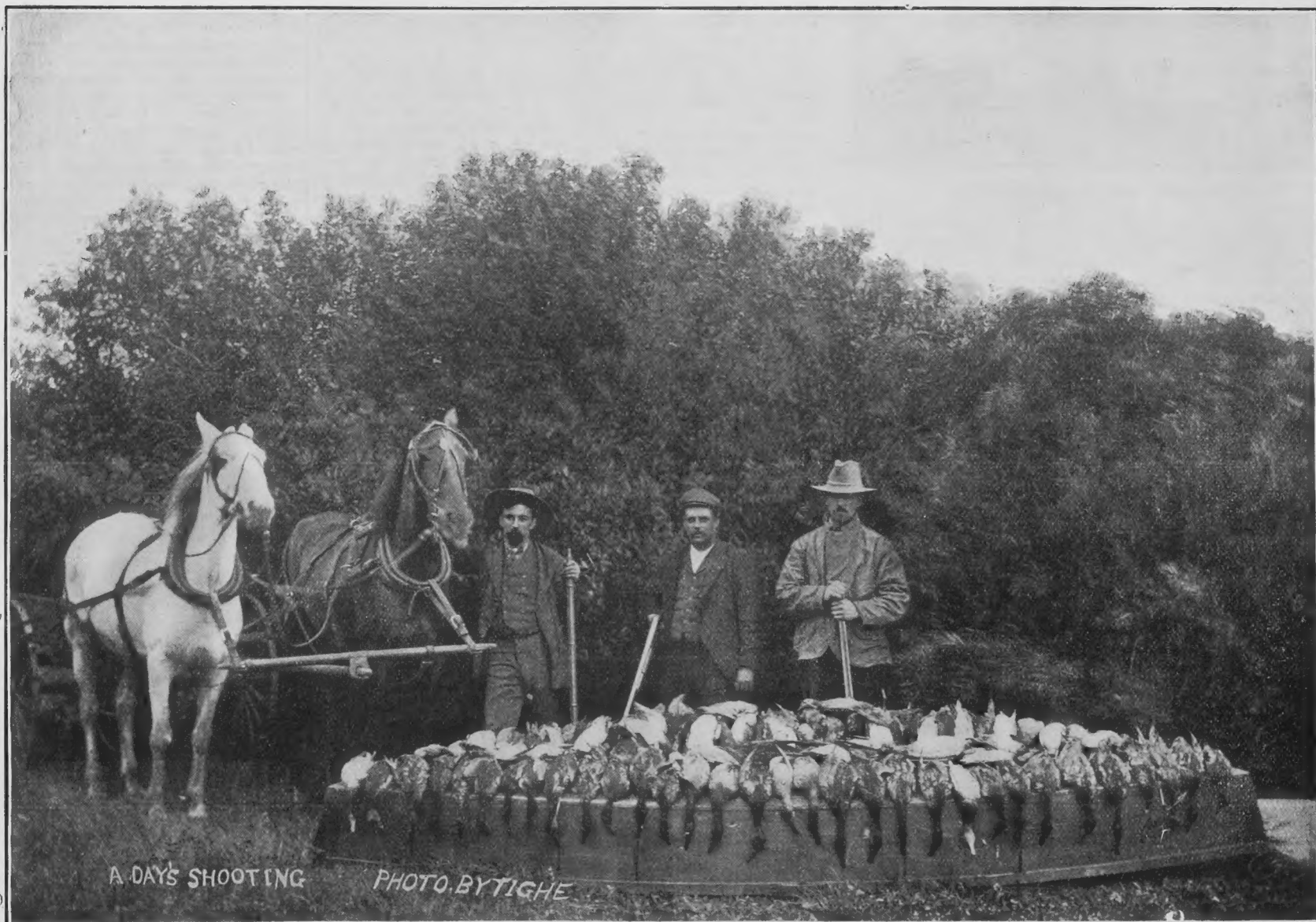
Every box is warranted perfect and ready for immediate use.

They are of the best designs, will drive easiest, and stand more hard usage than any other horse nail made or sold in Canada.

We solicit your kind preference for the "C" brand nails when having your horse shod.

We shall be glad to furnish free samples of our various patterns to farriers or dealers.

Canada Horse Nail Company
MONTREAL.



Jerusalem as I Saw It.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Julia A. Symington.

The population of Jerusalem is variously estimated as between 50,000 and 60,000, scarcely half being Jews; the remainder consists of Greeks, Latins, Mohammedans, Armenians and Copts. In the city the Jews wear a gown of sombre color extending from their neck to their feet; on their head a cap, the crown of which is often velvet and around the lower part runs a band of fur. The women do not veil their faces; the younger women wear a white garment which covers their head and the whole body. The Jewesses have decidedly a happier appearance than their Mohammedan sisters. Some are very handsome. One looks with extreme interest on this strange race as they appear in the city of their

genuine and the scenes impressed me with a strong feeling of sympathy. Dr. Thompson, I think, says these stones are not later than the time of Herod, perhaps long before. It does not seem unreasonable to say that they may have belonged even to the first temple. Our guide, whose name was Solomon, asked us if we would like a few of these letters. It surprised me not a little; for the moment it seemed so like a gratuitous insult to the Jewish worshippers who had so enlisted our sympathy. We replied, "Dare you give them to us?" He replied, "Oh, yes, they will do no good. I will give you a nice one," and proceeded to extract a few from the cracks in the walls. Our next place to visit was the Church



MASKED STREET, CONFIDENTIAL.

fathers. Strong in the belief that Messiah may come at any hour to deliver them, they patiently endure all insults that can be heaped on them. They glide quietly through the streets of Jerusalem, keeping close to the walls, unwilling to attract attention. They are often spat on and abused; for the Jews there is almost no redress in Jerusalem. The dominant Turk excludes them from the area on which the famous temple stood. Gentiles may tread on that inclosure and handle stones and pillars that may have been part of the first temple, but if a Jew dared to cross the threshold of the haram inclosure a dagger would be plunged into his heart. On the southwest of the temple area is the Jewish wailing place, outside the inclosure of the haram. There, every Friday, men, women and children assemble and pray for the deliverance of Jerusalem and their country. The day we visited the spot a venerable rabbi was reading the seventy-ninth Psalm, "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. We are become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are around about us. How long, Lord, wilt thou be angry forever, etc. The people uttered responses and tears were flowing down the cheeks of young and old. Some were writing on slips of paper containing their supplications and pressed them into the crevices in the wall; others were kissing the massive stones. The grief and bitterness of heart were

of the Holy Sepulchre. Before leaving this wailing place of the Jews I may add something about these stones. Some of them are over twenty feet long and some five feet thick; some of them are broken and displaced by earthquakes and sieges, but others are perfect and so closely jointed that it is scarcely possible to trace the line of separation, and are very superior in size to any in the city walls. About half-way north on Christian St. we descended a narrow, winding street and emerged on a marble-paved court in front of the Holy Sepulchre. How much I wish I had the pen of a ready writer when I try to describe even the marble-paved court in this church. The

court was filled with people speaking strange languages—Greeks, Armenians, Russians—clothed in costumes of divers shapes and flashy colors. Old men on crutches, young men, and women with infants in their arms, were all going and coming in a steady stream of human life, mingled with the military display of the Turkish soldiers to keep the peace between the rival races that claim this common sacred spot. Seated on the stone flags of the court were men and women from all parts of Palestine selling crosses, beads, candles, roses of



AN ORIENTAL TYPE.



ARAB WOMAN IN VEIL.

Jericho and mother-of-pearl work from Bethlehem. The church is said originally to have had five stories; only two remain and the third is in ruins. Two doors face the court area on the south side. The lower part of the church has an appearance of antiquity and over the doors are some highly ornamental works of art. On entering the door we came at once to "the stone of unction," before which men and women were kneeling and kissing it. Turning to the left, we entered the rotunda. The dome is 55 feet in diameter and is supported by eighteen massive piers. Under this dome is the Holy Sepulchre, covered by a small marble church 26 feet long, 18 feet broad, about 20 feet high, surmounted by a dome and ornamented in front by slender columns. The first room is the Chapel of the Angel, beyond which is the small room that encloses the tomb. To the right is a marble slab about 2 feet above the floor and extending the whole length of the room. This is said to cover the rocky tomb in which our Lord lay. The marble floor is worn with the feet and knees of millions of pilgrims and the slab is worn thin in places by their kisses. Light is supplied by olive oil in a number of gold lamps and the walls are profusely adorned with silver and gold and precious stones. On an elevated stand is a portion of the stone that the women who visited the Savior's tomb early in the morning, while it was yet dark, were uncertain about moving, is shown the visitor, and, whether true or not, what is represented to me was an open door—the way to Christ for all the world—I gratefully laid my face on its smooth surface and thanked God for the open door and felt happier.

This church, by vast multitudes of people, is believed to enclose the spot on which the two most important events on earth took place, the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord. Is there any evidence to support ancient tradition? Some writers have placed the scene of the crucifixion on the north of the city, above the grotto of Jeremiah and at other points of Jerusalem, but no tradition has ever attached to this place. At the time of the crucifixion "the earth did quake and the rocks rent." An opening is shown in the floor, perhaps three feet long and two or three inches wide; its depth we could not measure. A round hole, faced with white metal, is the opening for the foot of the cross, also similar openings for the crosses of the robbers a short distance away on a slight elevation. The information of Scripture is limited and supplies no definite data in regard to the place. It occurred outside the gate, and near the city, and close to a road leading to the country, and near a garden in which was the tomb of Joseph. It was called the place of skulls, and in Hebrew, Golgotha. Though the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is in the heart of the modern city, it was not so in our Lord's time. Then there were only two walls. The site of this church seems to have been outside the second wall, which began at the gate Gen-nath. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre incloses a spur of Agra which juts

Orange Meat

The Premium Food

out towards the Tyropean, and the rock can be traced going down the steps to the chapel of the finding of the cross, which is only a natural cave in the rock, and may be one of the old tombs hewn out of the rock. Other tombs can be seen west of the rotunda, with every mark of antiquity about them. Along the base and brow of Akra would be the natural site for a garden of olives, fig trees and vines. How much we wished we could sweep away all rubbish of tradition and absurdities and see the spot of the Lord's tomb as John and Peter saw it on the resurrection morn.

There does seem some foundation of historic truth which can support the theory that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre covers the spot of the Lord's tomb and probably his crucifixion. The facts of history explain considerably the situation. When the city was taken by Titus the Christians fled from the city, but it was occupied again in the time of Hadrian, 117 A.D., when he filled up the tomb of Christ and erected on it a shrine to Venus. Constantine's mother, Helena, visited Jerusalem in 325 A.D. and built a Christian church over the spot which was dedicated by the bishop of Jerusalem in 335 A.D. The crypt of this ancient church is used now as a cistern by the Copts. The site of the tomb seems to have been a fact well known, for there was no searching for the locality. John lived to the close of the first century and could have given information about it, and it looks improbable that the early Christians, so full of love for Christ, and zealous for the truth of the gospel, would ever lose sight of those spots so intimately associated with their joy and salvation. In 614 A.D., 1010 A.D., and again in 1808 A.D., the church was destroyed, but it was always rebuilt on the same site that Helena built a Christian church over the spot, but each time with increased splendor and wealth.

On the outside of the walls are sculptured the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem, but in the tomb he triumphed when he rose from the dead to complete his work of redemption. Above the gilded dome is the cross which points heavenward where the risen king now reigns, the gates of whose everlasting kingdom are thrown wide open for all who believe on him.

Worth Remembering.

- (1) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.
- (2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.
- (3) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
- (4) When grippe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.—Dumb Animals.



LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, FREDERICTON, N.B.



BIT OF SCENERY, EXPERIMENTAL FARM, INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.

The Best Policy for Canada.

A Pontiac, Mich., writer in *The Welcome Guest*, gives the following opinion as to the best policy for Canada:

Canada's position of semi-independence is now so well established that any movement looking to changed political relations with the mother country or the United States would only tend to retard her internal commercial development. Canada needs a policy which will develop her natural resources, attract capital and immigra-

tion, till her fields, clear her forests, build up her fishing fleets, and mine her vast stores of coal, iron, and every mineral employed in the marts of men. A policy which will give her protection and incentive to manufactures in every line of production that will contribute to the needs and comforts of a community. In brief, Canada should pursue the policy of the present Liberal government, which has added a million to the population in the last four years, which has encouraged the development of her mineral resources by establishing blast furnaces at many points, and

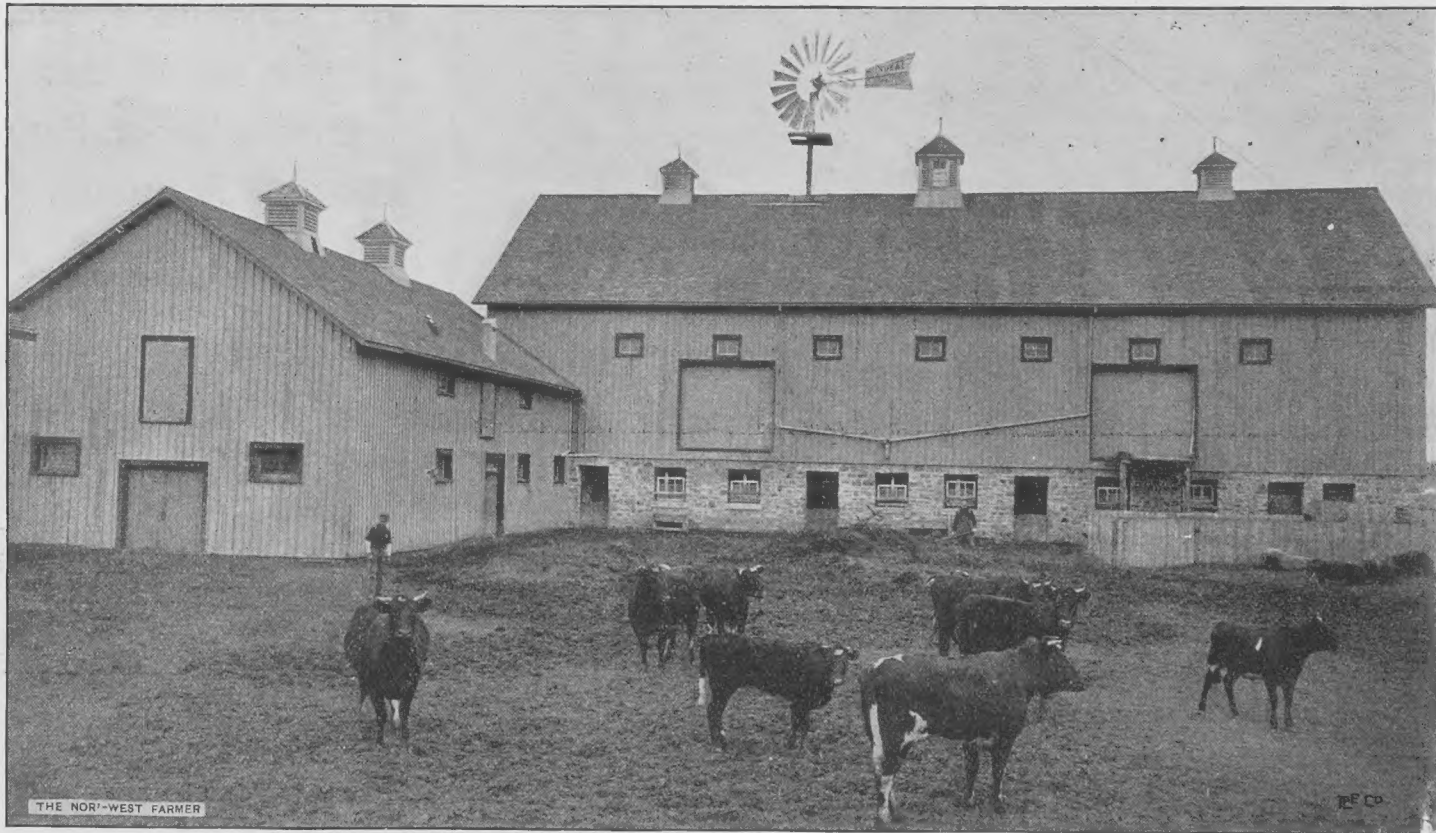
opened up thousands of miles of new territory by its liberal railway policy, which, during the past year made provision for a third trans-continental railway through the Dominion, retaining on the part of the people the right to regulate freight rates and to permit any other line to operate over the road. She has only to arrange with the imperial government for a preferential tariff on her exports to the mother country of her natural products, to enter upon the new century with a great advantage over all competitors.

A Pig in Sheep's Clothing.

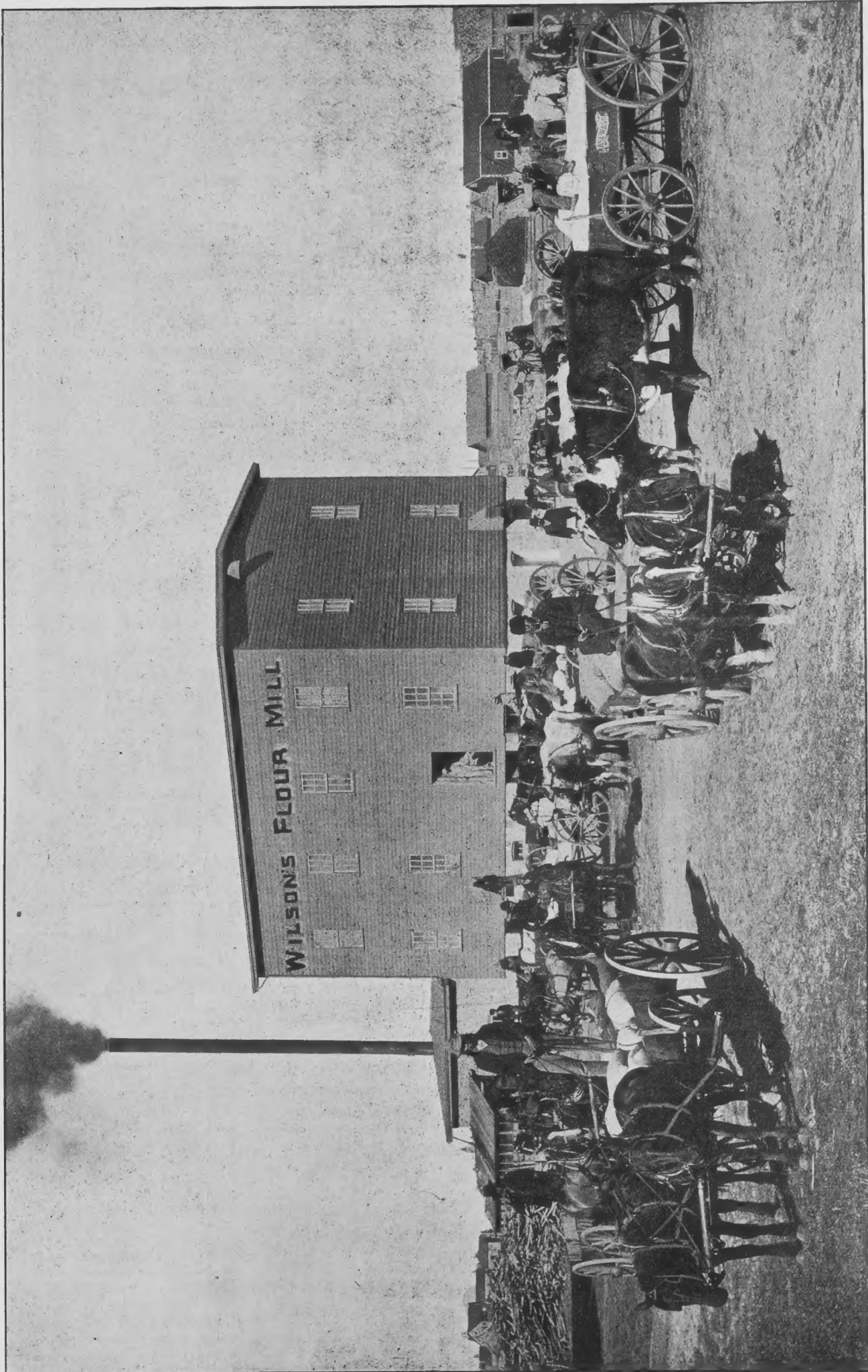
Some interesting experiments with little pigs have been made recently by a scientist at Copenhagen, Doctor Henriques. He has learned that the adipose deposit is more dense deep in the body than near the surface, and has there a higher melting point.

One little pig he brought up in a barn, and, the season being winter, it was exposed to Arctic conditions. The second little pig he kept in a hot room, the conditions being to all intents and purposes tropical. The third little pig he sewed up in a garment of sheepskin, with the wool inside. All of them were fed on the same quantity of corn, and at the end of three months the three little pigs were killed.

It was found that the Arctic pig had fat of a different density and melting point from the others; the cold had made its density less, and its melting point lower than in the case of the tropical pig or of the pig in sheep's clothing. The difference was very marked, and it confirmed Dr. Henriques' idea that it was all a matter of temperature. The fat of the tropical pig was about the same as that of the pig in sheep's clothing. The moral to be drawn from these experiments seems to be that if the farmer wants a pig to acquire hard fat he must keep the animal where it is warm.—*Post*.



DOMINION EXPERIMENTAL FARM BARN, INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.



Indians of Fife Hills Delivering Grain at Wilson's Flour Mills, Indian Head, Assa.

Alaska and its Game.

Mr. Harry W. Lee, of Chicago, who has made earlier trips to the far off game land of Alaska, was to have started about March 15th for another expedition to the vicinity of Mount McKinley. Mr. Lee proposes to ascend the rivers before the ice is out of them, and to travel about the base of Mount McKinley, which he will try to ascend. His plans also include the photographing of many species of wild game, and he has gotten together a very complete photographic outfit with that end in view.

As to the game of that far portion of the world, Mr. Fred. Milner, of Vancouver, B.C., sends further newspaper

clippings regarding the destruction of game in British Columbia by organized hunting parties from San Francisco and other points in the United States. It is reiterated that great destruction of game was caused around the head of Telegraph Creek by two Americans known as C. F. Mullins and Alexander Hamilton, who killed many moose, caribou, and mountain sheep, and saved but a few of the better heads. Large quantities of game were left lying on the ground unused and untouched. The Canadians are rightly incensed against such practices. It is to be hoped that the strong arm of British justice will fall upon these American marauders should they repeat their journey, or that it may fall upon any

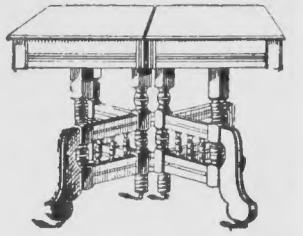
others who may seek to emulate their deeds. It is hard upon other Americans to classify such men under their own nationality.—Field and Stream.

Lemon Pie.

One cupful of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of flour, two eggs (reserving one white for frosting), and the grated rind and juice of one lemon; beat thoroughly; and pour on one cupful of boiling water; cook in a double pan; line the pan with your crust and bake quickly, then pour in the lemon custard, pour the frosting over it, return to oven and brown.

M. G. HAMILTON

G. W. HAMILTON



Hamilton Bros.

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FURNITURE

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Everything needed
for the Kitchen,
Dining Room, Parlor
or Bedroom.



New Settlers, Newly Married Couples, or old Settlers wishing to refurnish, should give us a call.

Our Motto is to Please
Satisfaction Guaranteed

INDIAN HEAD,
N.W.T.

Indian Head

The Commercial Centre of one of the Greatest
Wheat Producing Districts in the World.
Enterprising and Progressive Business Men.

As Western Canada is recognized as the bread basket of the world, the prosperous town of Indian Head is of world-renown as being the largest initial wheat shipping point on the face of the globe, notwithstanding the fact that it is only twenty-two years ago that the first wheat crop was garnered in the district. During the season of 1902-3, no less than 1,600,000 bushels of wheat alone were shipped from this point, a large percentage of which graded No. 1 hard.

At the time of writing, the whole

nearly 800 miles north of the boundary line between this Great Dominion and that of the United States, or as far northwest of Winnipeg as Winnipeg is northwest of the city of New York. Not only is it possible to produce wheat at this degree of latitude, and that of a better quality than it is possible to grow in any other country, but 200 miles north of that point rye and oats are grown, whilst 200 miles still further north barley and potatoes are grown.

The Indian Head district, in common

as a site for an experimental farm is in itself proof that the district possesses rare merit. The town site of Indian Head is one of the best in the West. The gradual sloping nature of the land toward a deep ravine affords an excellent drainage. The town is the centre of the great wheat producing belt of Western Canada, and, while there is a friendly rivalry existing between some of the towns and districts of the great West, yet all unite in doffing their hats to Indian Head as having reached "the highest pinnacle of fame and success along this line."

In walking through the streets of the town, after an absence of less than two years, the writer could not help but notice signs of improvement and progress on every hand, especially in the residential portions, where the dwellings are large, handsome and substantial, many of them being constructed of brick and stone, and almost palatial in their proportions. The citizens also display their better taste and culture by cultivating shade trees, shrubs and flowers on a liberal scale.

The streets of the town are wide and maintained in a good state of repair. A liberal mileage of sidewalk is also kept up. The citizens have now under contemplation the establishment of a system of water works and sewers. It is proposed to bring water from the Squirrel Hills, where the indispensable fluid can be secured in its purest form.

PECULIARLY A WHEAT COUNTRY.

Larger yields of wheat have never been recorded in any other part of the world. When this district was first settled, the pioneers directed their whole attention to the raising of wheat. They found that the land contained all the essentials of proper nourishment for the wheat plant, and they decided that the quickest way to obtain a competency was by the raising of the golden grain. The thought of being able to make a fortune by the raising of live stock, or in any other manner, did not enter their minds. The special abilities of the climate, the admitted richness of the soil, and the ease with which it could be brought under cultivation, all tended to forecast, in the early days, what has become a natural fact today, that the Canadian West was destined to become the most important granary of the world. For ten years after the early settlers had staked their all in Western Canada and trusted to the beneficence of nature for a living, wheat was the principal, in fact, almost the only, crop.

ELEVATORS.

There are twelve elevators in the



Indian Head Public School.

of last season's crop had not been shipped, but although the season was an off one, the figures will total very closely to those given for the previous year. Indian Head wheat is always in great demand in Great Britain and Ontario, for the purpose of mixing it with the softer and inferior grades of those countries. Judiciously blended, a very fine quality of flour is produced, whereas the British wheat, ground alone, would be practically unsaleable.

The development of the wheat producing districts of Western Canada is only in its infancy. It has been shown that wheat can be successfully grown as far north as Port Simpson, a Hudson Bay post, lying at the junction of Laird and McKenzie Rivers, near the intersection of longitude 122 degrees west and latitude 62 degrees north or

with every other portion of the Northwest Territories, witnessed the hard uphill climb of pioneers during the early years of settlement.

A PROSPEROUS TOWN.

Indian Head is situated on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the district of Eastern Assiniboia, at a point 33 miles east of Regina, the capital of the Northwest Territories and 315 miles west of the city of Winnipeg. There is already a good flour mill, a planing mill, a sash and door factory, fanning mill works, and other industries, established in the town. A good percentage of the business blocks and of the private residences are substantial structures of wood, stone and brick. The fact that Indian Head was chosen by the Dominion government



STEAM PLOW AT WORK ON FARM OF FRANK CAMPKIN, INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.

E.J. BROOKS & SON

Indian Head's Biggest Store

We carry the largest and best assorted stock in the district, and our prices will always be found as low as good goods can be bought at.

In every department the lines we handle are invariably the first quality and best brands obtainable.

We Offer No Bait

Every line stands on its own merits and is handled on just a fair margin of profit.

We have earned a reputation as the

Old Reliable House

and we cannot afford to sacrifice our good name.

We guarantee satisfaction to our customers.

Give us your trade or even a share and you will find it to your advantage.

E. J. BROOKS & SON.



CUTTING SCENE ON J. H. FRANCIS' FARM, INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.

town, including a modern steel one with unit for marketing. On account of a capacity of 60,000 bushels. The total of the rebellion in 1885, when every elevator capacity is over 400,000 available man and team was required at bushels. There is also a loading plat-the front, very little crop was put in at form where farmers load direct from the farms. The year 1886 being very dry, the crops on 3,000 acres was al-

2,000 acres. In 1891 Major Bell extended his possessions by purchasing about 14,000 acres from the company, which then ceased to exist. Owing to a succession of bad crops, in 1896 he was compelled to surrender the farm to

differed in no particular from that of almost every agricultural district throughout the Northwest. The syndicate secured a piece of land, consisting of 64,000 acres. About the middle of June they commenced breaking with

The Banner Wheat District of Western Canada.

The reputation of the Indian Head Land is known all over Canada and the United States as being in every respect first-class.

I CAN SELL

your land situated from four to ten miles of Indian Head, which is in every way first-class land for mixed farming, at from

\$7.50 to \$10.00 AN ACRE

ON EASY TERMS.

I have other lands for sale, but none that are better value than this block. If interested, drop me a line and I will be glad to give you full particulars.

H. H. Campkin,

**Insurance, Loan and Real Estate
INDIAN HEAD, N.W.T.**

BONANZA FARM.

Three sections, or about 2,000 acres, were broken in 1882 and cropped; in 1883 another 5,000 acres were turned over and 7,000 acres were under cultivation in 1884. The prospects of a good harvest were very bright, but an early frost made a great amount of the wheat

most an entire failure. In 1890 a sale of more than half their holdings was arranged for by the company, and an English syndicate, of which Lord Brassey was manager, bought up about 400,000 acres of outlying lands. Major Bell retained the balance of the farm for himself. The crop that year was a record breaker. About 60,000 bushels of wheat were secured from less than

the North of Scotland Mortgage and Loan Co.

THE BELL FARM.

In the winter of 1881-2 there was formed a syndicate of English and American capitalists, of which Major Bell, of Brockville, Ont., was manager. Hitherto, the progress of settlement and colonization in this district

a large force of men and teams. For some years after the commencement of operations on this farm the headquarters of the company were placed about a mile away and a section of land was reserved for a town site.

EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

The department of agriculture of



HERD OF CATTLE OWNED BY THE INDIANS ON FILE HILLS RESERVATION.

the Dominion government have conducted an experimental farm at Indian Head since 1888, a section of land being devoted to the purpose. Experiments are being conducted in every department of agriculture and the amount of good accomplished thereby is beyond calculation. The buildings, consisting of the handsome residence of the superintendent, and fine out-buildings, are situated about the centre of the property. The beauty and utility of the farm is greatly enhanced by several miles of avenue trees. The possibilities of re-foresting the bare plains of Western Canada have been here clearly demonstrated. It has been shown that poplar trees will grow to a good size in ten years; in fact, sufficiently large to be cut down for fire wood.

There is, therefore, no reason why every farmer of the West should not cultivate a wood patch as religiously as he does a potato patch. A few acres devoted to such a purpose would, by judicious thinning and replanting, provide ample firewood for the average home, without mentioning the vast benefit such wood would afford as a wind break and the increased beauty of the landscape.

The farm is divided into many hundred plots, and experiments conducted with all varieties of wheat, barley, oats, peas, etc. Thousands of farmers



ANGUS MACKAY,
Superintendent of Dominion Experimental
Farm, Indian Head, Assa.

SOIL, FUEL AND
WATER.

The soil of the Indian Head district is as famous for the production of wheat as is Newcastle for the production of coal. It is only necessary to describe it for the benefit of the rising generation. What has given Indian Head its standing as the largest initial wheat producing region this side of Mars, is the famous and unequalled heavy black clay soil resting on the clay subsoil of almost equal productive quality. The soil contains all the essential ingredients for the growing of No. 1 hard wheat, and, by careful and scientific cultivation, can be easily made to produce 40 bushels to the acre. Just ordinary kind of farming produces from 26 to 35 bushels to the acre. South of the town of Indian Head good water can be obtained by dig-

You Can Make More Money	EDUCATION MEANS SUCCESS	You Can Make More Money
	We will give you either a High School, University, Business College, or Agricultural College training BY MAIL.	
	The expense is so small as to be almost nominal.	
	Write for particulars at once to CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LIMITED TORONTO, CANADA	

Rev. Thomas McAfee, Methodist church, Rev. M. M. Bennett. The Roman Catholic church mission is in charge of Rev. Father Hugonard.

There is a very fine eight-room solid brick and stone school house in the town, which was erected in the year 1891, at a cost of \$20,000.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

The following fraternal societies are represented in the town and have strong organizations here: Ancient Free and Accepted Mason; Canadian Order of Foresters; Independent Order of Foresters; Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Ancient Order of



KATEPWA LAKE, QU'APPELLE VALLEY.

and others visit the farm every year, and profit by the experiments carried on. Mr. Angus McKay, the superintendent, is very much thought of by the citizens of Indian Head and the farmers and residents of the district generally. He is always ready to do all he can to aid the settler in his efforts.

THE FRENCH SETTLEMENT.

To the southeast of the town there is an important French settlement, the settlers of which are engaged chiefly in mixed farming. They are practical agriculturalists and are all prospering well. They thoroughly understand the raising of cattle, the making of butter and the growing of grain. A number of them are well-to-do, and may be considered rich. They do not farm on so extensive a scale as those who reside in the immediate vicinity of Indian Head, but they are undoubtedly enjoying as much comfort as those who work on a larger scale.

KATEPWE.

The prosperous district of Katepwe lies twelve miles north of Indian Head. It was settled by farmers from the Belleville district in 1882. Lake Katepwe is very popular as a summer resort. A number of citizens of Indian Head have erected summer houses and boat houses on the east and south sides of the lake. These picturesque lakes are the ideal spots for the spending of a holiday. Perch, goldeyes, pike, pickerel, and white fish are found in abundance here. There is a fleet of Peterboro canoes, several sailing yachts, and steam and gasoline launches cruising its waters.

Abernethy, Saltoun, Balcarres and

Rose Valley are also prosperous districts tributary to Indian Head.

ging wells from a depth of 10 to 30 feet. To the north supplies are obtained through reservoirs.

The principal fuel used in the district is Galt and Crow's Nest Pass coal. Some Souris and Pennsylvania coal is also used.

RELIGION AND
EDUCATION.

Indian Head is well supplied with the means of grace. The following are the pastors of the various churches: Church of England, Rev. G. N. Dobie, rector. Bishop Grisdale also resides in the town. Presbyterian church,

United Workmen, and Orangemen. These orders do good in welcoming strangers to the district and teaching the universal brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

A NEW HOSPITAL.

Arrangements have been completed for the erection of a commodious hospital under the auspices of the



INDIAN HEAD'S GRAIN ELEVATORS.

READ THIS—but
UNDERSTAND AT ONCE THAT OUR
GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS
are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.
Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

Victorian Order of Nurses. The board of directors consist of the following gentlemen: J. H. Francis, H. H. Campkin, sec'y-treas., F. L. McKay, A. McKay, A. M. McLean, Joseph Glenn.

OPERA HOUSE.

The erection of a large solid stone and brick opera house is well under way.

BANKS.

There are three chartered banks in the town.

RETIRED FARMERS.

During the past few years many farmers who had made a success of their calling moved into town, and are living in retirement or semi-retirement. Others of the same class are prepared to rent or sell their farms. The general run of farmers think that about twenty years spent on a farm is sufficient, and are possessed with the idea that it is more preferable to end their days in town life. Actual experience, however, goes to prove that those who stick to the farm to a

Western Canada branch of the firm's business.



WM. WILSON, Proprietor.

HAMILTON BROS., FURNITURE.

Messrs. Hamilton Bros. occupy a spacious store in the Peltier block, Grande Ave., where they carry a full stock of furniture from a plain kitchen chair and table to the most exquisite dining, parlor and bedroom suites. Furniture is imported in car lots from the best manufacturers who have made a success of the trade. The business is under the management of Mr. G. W. Hamilton, who was taught the art of handling furniture in Eastern Canada.

H. H. CAMPKIN, REAL ESTATE

Mr. Campkin came to the district from that famous seat of learning, Cambridge, England, in 1884. He does a large real estate, loan and insurance business, and has, at the present time, a large list of wild and improved lands for sale, varying in price from \$7.00 to \$35 per acre, according to location and improvements.

Mr. Campkin is always ready to show intending purchasers the "best things" on the market and his intimate knowledge of the country renders his advice and assistance most valuable.

Imperial Hotel

INDIAN HEAD, N. W. T.

First Class Accommodation to the Travelling Public. : :

Large Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers. : : :

Free Bus Meets All Trains.

M. Mc GREGOR

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JOHN J. DANE, Head Miller.



ARTHUR J. BRODERICK, Night Miller.



WM. J. BEARE, First Engineer.

STAFF OF THE INDIAN HEAD FLOUR MILLS.

finish live, on an average, longer than those who move into the towns and cities of the world.

PROMINENT MEN.

GOLD BROS., REAL ESTATE.

The enterprising firm of Gold Bros., consisting of five brothers, have their head office in Bigstone City, South Dakota, with branches in several cities of the two Dakotas and Minnesota. The firm have large tracts of wild and improved lands for sale in Eastern Assiniboia, at prices ranging from \$8 to \$25 per acre, according to location and improvements. A small cash payment will be accepted upon any of this land from bona fide settlers, the company having unbounded faith in the immediate prosperity of this vast western country. Messrs. W. McBain and A. H. Tasker have charge of the

E. J. BROOKS & SON, DEPARTMENTAL STORE.

Indian Head's largest and most complete store is that of Messrs. E. J. Brooks & Son, Grande Ave. The business was established by Mr. E. J. Brooks in a tent in the spring of 1882. By square dealing and careful attention to business it grew and developed with the growth and prosperity of the country. The son also grew up, as everything is sure to do in Western Canada, and was admitted into partnership. He applies to the business the same rules of integrity and enterprise that made his father successful, with the result that the name of E. J. Brooks & Son is a household word for good goods at reasonable prices. The business premises is a solid brick building and is filled.

People who may be looking for new homes, or for a profitable and safe investment, will do well to consult Mr. Campkin, either personally or by letter. In addition to the supervision of an extensive business he takes a prominent part in public affairs. He is an active member of the board of trade, a member of the town council, and secretary-treasurer of the rural municipality of Indian Head. He is also an extensive farmer, occupying a 960 acre farm, just one mile north of the town. This includes the original homestead of the famous Bell Farm. A cut of the Campkin farm in this issue will convey an idea of the enjoyment to be derived by farming on a liberal scale in the Indian Head district.

Mr. Kerr, who resides on his farm seven miles south of Indian Head,

came to the district in the year 1882 from Picton county, Nova Scotia. The Kerr farm consists of 860 acres of land, and is devoted to the growing of wheat. There is 400 acres under crop this year. Mr. Kerr is well pleased with the country and has been very successful.

W. M. TEGART, PHOTOGRAPHER.

Mr. Tegart has a well appointed studio on Grande Avenue. He enjoys a large patronage in all classes of photographic and crayon work in the town and a large district tributary thereto, and in fact for many miles on the main line east and west and up on the Prince Albert branch. Many of the illustrations that appear in this issue are reproductions of Mr. Tegart's photographs. He has a large assortment of views of different parts of the district.



DOMINION EXPERIMENTAL FARM, INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.

THE INDIAN HEAD FLOUR MILLS.

This mill was built and operated in 1899 by the firm of Wilson, George & Wilson, and carried on by them for some two years. On the dissolution of partnership, the business of miller and grain merchant was taken over and continued by the senior partner, Wm. Wilson, who is still the owner. The mill was built by the Stratford Mill Building Co. and fitted with the most modern machinery for a capacity of 100 barrels per day and is lighted by electricity. No expense has at any time been spared to keep the mill in the front rank, which policy, combined with skilful operators, have given it a reputation for flour second to none in Manitoba and the Territories. No difficulty is experienced in disposing of the manufactured products, as they are principally sold locally. This mill may safely be ranked among the successful ones. The proprietor is a native of the county of Cumberland, Eng., where his father carried on the business of miller and farmer and with whom he served his apprenticeship, but in the year 1880 transferred his services to Norman & Pigott, of Liverpool, who were among the largest, if not the largest, importers in the united kingdom of all kinds of oilcakes, fertilizers and other agricultural requirements.



Residence of Wm. Douglas, Farmer, and Reeve of the Municipality of Indian Head, Assa.

After eighteen years' service with this firm, Mr. Wilson caught the Western Canada fever, and, up to the present, has not regretted it. Mr. J. J. Dane, head miller, is a native of Gorrie, Ont., where his father owns a flour mill, and he is a smart up-to-date miller. Arthur J. Broderick, the night miller, is a native of Oakville, Ont. These two men have been in the mill since Mr. W. Wilson took it over. Wm. J. Beare, 1st engineer, was born near

Toronto, but has been in the West for twenty years. Reginald Watson is a native of Liverpool, Eng., and thoroughly understands the office department. In the photo of the mill is shown Indians from File Hills reserve delivering wheat; the photo being taken some time ago, it does not show the additions to the mill. A track elevator is also owned and run in connection with this mill.



ARCHWAYS IN THE HEDGES, EXPERIMENTAL FARM, INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.

The Prairie Witness

Indian Head, Assa.

A neat, newsy, attractive journal which circulates everywhere throughout the best districts of the North-West Territories. An excellent advertising medium.

All Kinds of Job Printing

done at the Prairie Witness Office. Extensive additions just being made to our printing plant will place us in a better position than ever to give satisfaction.

D. S. WILLIAMS
Editor and Publisher.

THE PRAIRIE WITNESS.

The Prairie Witness, of Indian Head, a neat, well written 7-column weekly, varying in size from 8 to 12 pages, was established as a newspaper by the proprietor, D. S. Williams, in 1899. It enjoys a large circulation and advertising patronage. The proprietor, who is a native of Fergus, Ont., came to the district in 1899, after graduating as B. A. from Manitoba College the previous year. He is president of the Christian Endeavor Association of the Northwest Territories and secretary-treasurer of the Liberal Association of the new constituency of Qu'Appelle.

IMPERIAL HOTEL.

The Imperial Hotel at Indian Head is by common consent of the travelling public acknowledged to be one of the best hostleries west of Toronto. The proprietor, M. McGregor, is a well known hotel man, having conducted hostleries at Virden for three years and at Carberry for two years. He took over the Indian Head establishment in June of last year. The Imperial is a handsome three story brick building with stone basement and cement floors. The rooms are of good size, finely finished and well ventilated. There are large sample rooms for commercial travellers and a St. Charles free 'bus meets all trains. Travellers have good reasons for endeavoring to make Indian Head to spend a comfortable Sunday. Mr. McGregor contemplates enlarging his establishment soon by the erection of an additional wing, this step being made absolutely necessary by his fast increasing patronage.

A PRETTY LEGEND.

It is said that the name Qu'Appelle is a French term, signifying "who calls," and there is rather a pretty

CAN'T SAY ENOUGH IN THEIR FAVOR

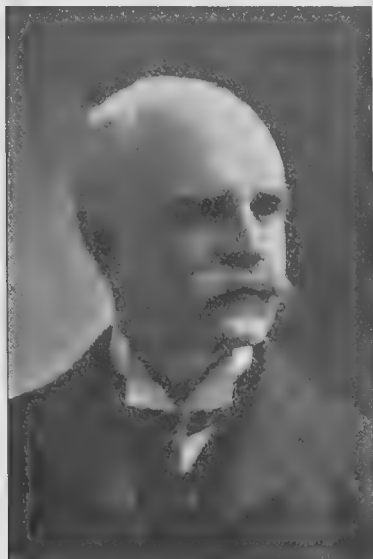
Why Miss Gusty V. Campbell Recommends Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to all her friends who have Stomach Troubles.

"I cannot say enough in favor of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," so says Miss Gusty V. Campbell, Little Shippegan, Gloucester Co., N.B. Of course Miss Campbell has reasons for making a statement like this and here they are:

"I suffered from Dyspepsia for two months and was always getting worse till advertisements led me to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. One box cured me and I can honestly recommend them to anyone suffering from Dyspepsia."

The moral of this is that if you take your stomach trouble before it gets too firm a grip it is easily cured by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. One box cured Miss Campbell.

But as in Miss Campbell's case, stomach trouble if neglected always grows worse. In its worst stages it takes time to cure it. But Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will do it.



MAYOR MCKAY.



H. H. CAMPKIN.



T. E. DONNELLY.



WM. BOYD.

MAYOR AND COUNCILLORS OF INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.

legend given as to its origin. It appears that in the days that the red man was lord of the prairie, a certain brave went out one evening near the Qu'Appelle Valley to keep an appointment

OPENING FOR PORK PACKER.

There is a good opening in the town for the establishment of a pork packing factory. The opening of such an industry would be an impetus to the far-

trade in the Northwest Territories, we might mention the fact that The Western Manfg. Co., Limited, of Indian Head, Assa., whose advertisement appears in this issue, have from a very

increasing demand for their goods. They manufacture the celebrated "Perfection" grain separator and grader, which is the first radical departure from the old time fanning mill, and



SCENE AT FOOT OF KATEPWA LAKE, QU'APPELLE VALLEY.

with his lady love. Not being able to discover her he called out. The echo answered. He then called out "Qu'Appelle" (who calls), the echo answered "Qu'Appelle." To this day the Valley has been named by both reds and whites Qu'Appelle.

mers to engage more extensively in the raising of hogs, and undoubtedly be of mutual benefit to all concerned.

THE WESTERN MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED.

As an instance of the expansion of

modest beginning, worked up such a trade that they are compelled to move their manufacturing business to Regina, where freight rates and shipping facilities will be much more in their favor and enable them to keep pace with the growth of the country and the

which is as far ahead of it as the electric light is ahead of the tallow candle. The "Perfection" double screw grain pickler is another one of the many useful implements manufactured by them, and, in conversation with Mr. Dulmage, the sec'y-treas. of the company, he informs us that an American Co., after examining every known device for the pickling of seed grain, is now negotiating for their manufacture and sale in the United States. He further informs us that they employ two travellers, and that their factory ran full time all last winter, and in some departments over time in order to catch up with the constant flow of orders coming in; and, notwithstanding this, they were compelled, near the close of the season, to ship mills and picklers by express to the more distant points. They also manufacture show cases, silent salesmen, office, store, bank and bar fixtures, turned work of every description, stair work, verandahs, sash, doors, blinds, mouldings, tanks, grain racks, etc. A visit to their factory at Indian Head is one of the treats that visitors enjoy, as they always seem pleased to have the privilege of showing people through their plant. The president of the company is E. J. Brooks and D. B. Dulmage is the sec'y-treas.



H. FLUERY.



WM. CRAWFORD.



WM. WILSON.

COUNCILLORS OF INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.



Residence of Coun. H. H. Campkin, Indian Head, Assa.

Mosquito Extermination.

The Scientific American of New York says:—

It having been demonstrated by many physicians and scientific men that certain species of mosquitos facilitate the transmission of malaria and fevers from affected communities to those not affected, it follows that the only remedy is to prevent the production of the pest. The method most effective is the drainage of swamps or meadows to avoid standing pools of water; the results obtained in this way have been highly encouraging. Many desirable towns, presenting most attractive locations for residences, have acquired such reputation for having malaria and mosquitos that their development has been greatly retarded. It is to show how easily and with what small comparative expense these depressing conditions can be reversed and improved, that the National Mosquito Extermination Society was organized in this city last winter. The report of the society has recently been

published, and contains many useful suggestions as to the best methods to be pursued to prevent the breeding of the mosquito. The society is desirous of enlisting in its membership all persons interested in promoting the general subject, and wishes to secure information from all parts of the country, later to be published in its annual report. As previously remarked, one of the most extensive plans for ridding a locality of mosquitos is by a thorough drainage of meadows or swamps.

This is now recommended for the great meadows lying east of the city of Newark, N.J., covering a tract about eighteen miles long by four miles wide, or about 27,000 acres. The New Jersey State Geologist and two of his scientific associates have made a report urging the drainage and filling of the Newark meadows as the only means of ridding the regions of the mosquito pest.

The report states that the agricultural value of the lands to be redeemed and cultivated would ultimately pay the cost. But the good effect on the surrounding cities and suburban towns in preventing the spread of malaria, thereby promoting the public health, is a

greater reason why public aid should be demanded in co-operation with private enterprise or subscription for the prosecution of the work.

Work will have to be begun, no doubt, as that on Long Island was, at the expense of public-spirited citizens who are willing to risk money to prove in a practical way the extermination of the mosquito. It requires co-operation from so many sources that all that private citizens can do by organization and all that the cities can be induced to do in the way of appropriation will need to be combined in order to work on a territory large enough to make the demonstration convincing. It will be an excellent plan for village or town improvement associations in mosquito localities to discuss in public meetings the necessity of eliminating the mosquito pest, urging co-operation with adjoining localities, and show by maps and plans what can be done to secure permanent and lasting improvement. Ultimately, city and State aid can be secured to assist the work, much on the same plan as State aid is now given in road building.

That the importance of the mosquito is truly understood as regards its rela-



D. S. WILLIAMS, B.A.,
Editor and Publisher of the Prairie Witness,
Indian Head, Assa.

A. W. SHERWOOD

LUMBER, LIME
CEMENT

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

Of All Descriptions.

FIRE INSURANCE

MONEY TO LOAN

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

INDIAN HEAD, - - N.W.T.

tion to the public health in the Panama Canal territory is shown by the appointment of Dr. William C. Gorgas, Assistant Surgeon-General, U.S.A., who has instructions to provide drainage for swamps and all mosquito-breeding places in that district. He is now in Panama for that purpose.

The board of health of the village of Lyons, N.Y., has recently adopted a new rule, requiring that all open barrels, casks, or cisterns containing water shall be covered with mosquito netting, to prevent the escape of any mosquitos breeding on the surface.

Under the right conditions it is astonishing what a large quantity of mosquitos will develop and breed from a small amount of water.

There are localities under our own personal observation which have been free from mosquitos for six years past, which for many years were unbearable to live in in hot weather, all due to the elimination of stagnant pools by simple drainage.

The extermination of the mosquito is a question of growing importance, and we hope will receive general attention among the various States and Territories of this country. The remarkable progress made in Havana, Cuba, in this direction in the prevention of yellow fever by protection from mosquitos is a notable example of improvement resulting from hygienic scientific investigation.



SAMPLE HEDGE ROW, EXPERIMENTAL FARM, INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.

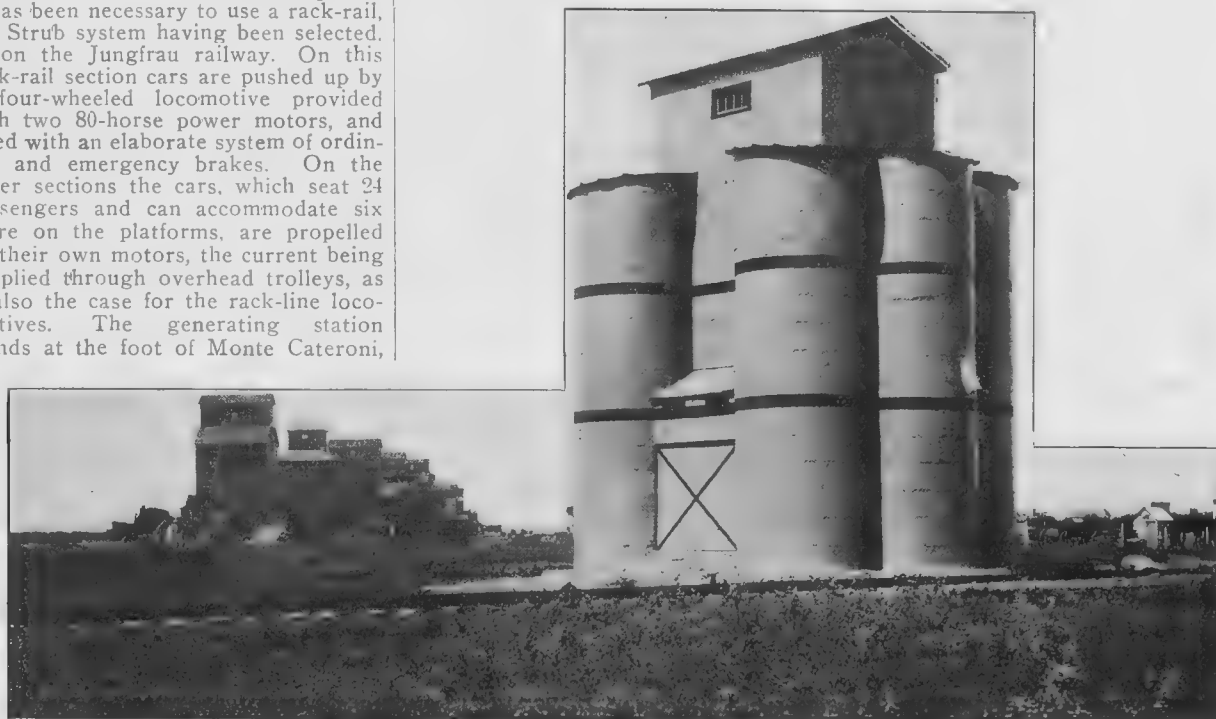


STORE OF E. J. BROOKS & SON, INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.

New Railway up Vesuvius.

Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son have just constructed a new electric railway up Vesuvius from Pugliano, the northern quarter of Resina, to the terminus of the old funicular railway, which was made up the cone to the crater twenty-three years ago. This new line is nearly four and three-quarter miles long. Except for a section in the middle, it is laid with a ruling gradient of one in 12½, and the cars run by adhesion. In the middle portion the gradient rises to one in four, an incline as great as that of the Righi line, and in consequence it has been necessary to use a rack-rail, the Strub system having been selected, as on the Jungfrau railway. On this rack-rail section cars are pushed up by a four-wheeled locomotive provided with two 80-horse power motors, and fitted with an elaborate system of ordinary and emergency brakes. On the other sections the cars, which seat 24 passengers and can accommodate six more on the platforms, are propelled by their own motors, the current being supplied through overhead trolleys, as is also the case for the rack-line locomotives. The generating station stands at the foot of Monte Cateroni,

close to the point where the rack-rail section begins. Pugliano is already connected with Naples by electric tramway, with the exception of a short length which has still to be finished, and the old funicular line up the cone has been reconstructed and equipped for electrical working; hence it will soon be possible to travel by electricity all the way from Naples to within 250 yards of the crater, a good deal more quickly and comfortably than is permitted by the present means of transport.—Scientific American.



GRAIN ELEVATORS AT INDIAN HEAD, WITH MAJOR BELL'S STEEL ELEVATOR IN THE FOREGROUND.

Send Photographs

The Western Home Monthly will be glad to receive photographs depicting western life. Photographers, both professional and amateur, in all parts of the Canadian West, are invited to submit pictures. Such as are deemed suitable for use in our columns will be paid for, while those not suitable will be returned. Photographs of special events, gatherings, novel scenes, oddities, farm homes, etc., are looked for. Accompanying each photograph must be the name of the party sending it in, and note explaining the incident or object it pictures, date, etc.

HERE'S GOOD HOT WEATHER NEWS

Dodd's Kidney Pills Prove Their Value as a Tonic.

Doctors Failed to Help Amos Stewart, of Goderich, but Dodd's Kidney Pills Built Him Up.

GODERICH, Ont., July 8, (Special).—The value of Dodd's Kidney Pills as a tonic has been proved by Mr. Amos Stewart, flour miller of this town. In speaking of his cure Mr. Stewart says: "I had been very poorly for about a year and though I was treated by two doctors I kept losing flesh all the time till I was down to 145 pounds.

"Then I commenced using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and in ten days I gained six pounds. I am still gaining a little every day, and I am feeling better in every way, and I feel that I owe it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are nature's own tonic. They cure the kidneys. Cured kidneys take all poison out of the blood. It is the poison in the blood that causes the loss of strength and energy and flesh that makes a tonic necessary.

Why is a pig the most provident of animals? Because he always carries a spare rib or two about him.

Why is a young lady like a violin? Because she is often touched by a beau.

GOLD BROTHERS, Bankers

OF MINNESOTA AND SOUTH DAKOTA

Established local offices in Indian Head in 1903, having purchased some 24,000 acres of adjacent lands. This American firm is locally represented by Mr. A. H. Tasker, formerly of S. Dakota, a junior member of the firm, and Mr. Wm. McBain, of Winnipeg, formerly connected with the C. P. R.



A. H. TASKER

These gentlemen are conducting a general land business and caring for the interests of the Company's holdings. They handled, in 1903, several thousand acres of lands, belonging to the firm and others, and are doing a steady and aggressive business. New offices will be built in the near future and beyond a doubt this reliable firm is here to stay.



WM. MCBAIN

Men Who Should not Marry.

The man who thinks he can keep house better than his wife can.

The man who forgets his manners as soon as he crosses his own threshold.

The man who labors under the delusion that his wife's money belongs to him.

A man who thinks a woman is "fixed for the season" if she has one new gown.

The man who always leaves his wife at home when he takes his summer vacation.

The man who thinks there is "no place like home"—for grumbling and growling.

The man who thinks a sick woman would feel better if she would "just get up and stir around."

The man who thinks his wife exists for the comfort and convenience of his mother and sisters.

The man who thinks a woman ought to be her own milliner, dress-maker, seamstress, cook, housemaid and nurse.

This firm, as well as other Americans who have come in through them, concede the Indian Head district to be the finest they have, thus far, known, and a representative of the firm, in a recent interview, stated that the comparative results to be obtained made the question merely one of mathematics. "If you can average for a series of ten years, as shown by the test conducted by the Indian Head Experimental Farm, 42 bushels of wheat to the acre, and the same test in Minnesota and South Dakota shows an average of 14 bushels, it simply means, even if these results are obtained under the most favorable conditions, that any farmer can get these results by 'doing his part.' And while it is true that only a few farmers here get the same results obtained by the Experimental Farm, it is not a question of what they do do, but of what they could do, and even in Minnesota and S. Dakota the actual farmer does not get 14 bush., shown by experimental tests, but probably an average of about 11 bush., and after all in estimating the excellence of a district, I do not care so much what they actually do accomplish, as to what they can accomplish; for nature can only do her part and it is always, in a large measure, a question of men."



AVENUE OF COTTONWOOD TREES, EXPERIMENTAL FARM, INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.

Strawberry Land.

In choosing a site for a strawberry bed, I like a piece of land that has had some special cultivation during the past summer, and prefer a piece that has been in potatoes or roots, and has been well cultivated, says an amateur strawberry grower. The surface soil will then be in a fine condition and fairly free from weeds—an important point in the after cultivation of the patch.

Now, I would plow this land deep under any consideration, because by so doing you would turn down your clean, fine surface and turn up rough lumpy soil from the bottom, which

might be full of weed seeds. If the soil is sandy and is situated so that no water will lie on it, it will not be necessary to touch it at all in the fall, but if it is low land or a clay soil I would prefer to rib it up lightly in the fall with a shovel plow.

To obtain the best results it is important to get to work on this land in the spring just as soon as the ground is dry enough to work. This is for the purpose of establishing a soil mulch and preventing evaporation and consequent loss of moisture. Work the soil up fine to a depth of four or five inches; and keep the surface well stirred every few days with a har-

row, until planting time. I usually plant about the tenth of May. Many growers plant earlier, but I think I can get my land in a better condition and keep it clean a good deal easier with a harrow the first month than I can with a hoe and cultivator later in the season.—Exchange.

If you could look into human hearts, you would be surprised at the faces they enshrine there, because beauty of spirit is more than beauty of face or form, and remarkable intellectual qualities are not to be compared with unaffected human goodness and sympathy.

England gets about \$5,000,000 worth of new gold from Africa every month and \$7,000,000 worth out of Australia.

GINSENG

OZARK GINSENG CO., Joplin, Mo., U.S.A.

Fortunes in this plant. Easily grown. Roots and seeds for sale. Room in your garden. Plant in fall. Booklet and magazine, 4c.

Ladies! Our Silk Collars, trimmed with lace, are giving great satisfaction. Order to-day to be in the fashion. **10c. each, or 3 for 25c.**

MANITOBA NOVELTY CO., Box 1, WINNIPEG, MAN.

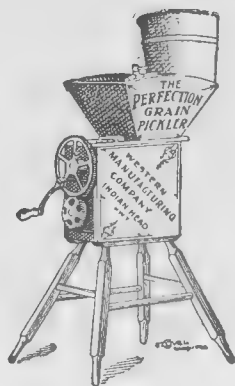


SCENE AT SIOUX RESERVE, QU'APPELLE VALLEY.
Sioux Church in mid-distance.

E. J. BROOKS, President.

D. B. DULMAGE, Secretary-Treasurer.

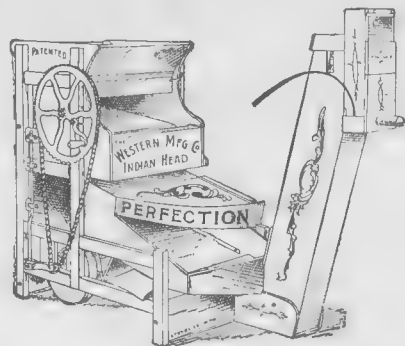
THE Western Manufacturing Co., Limited.



MANUFACTURERS OF
THE PERFECTION GRAIN SEPARATOR AND GRADER, THE
PERFECTION DOUBLE SCREW GRAIN PICKLER, SHOW
CASES, OFFICE, STORE AND BANK FIXTURES, TURNED
WORK, STAIR WORK, VERANDAHS, SASH, DOORS,
BLINDS, MOULDINGS, TANKS, GRAIN RACKS, Etc.

Factory and Offices, Dewdney St.
Lumber Yard, Market St.
Machine Shop, Boyle St.

Indian Head, Assa.



A Cold Stove for Summer.

An exchange says: A device that will find a similar use in summer to that of an ordinary stove in winter has been invented by Professor W. L. Moore, of the United States Weather Bureau. If we may credit interviews with the inventor published in the daily press, his "cold stove" consists of a cylinder containing a cooling-mixture through which air is drawn by gravity, the speed being regulated by the difference in temperature between the inside and outside air. If it is very warm outside, the machine works at high speed and delivers a great volume of cool air; if the outside temperature is low enough, the device ceases working altogether. Details are withheld, but a simple, efficient and inexpensive cooling machine for houses has long been needed, and it is to be hoped that Professor Moore has succeeded in accomplishing as much as he is reported to have done.

Orders have recently been executed in Japan for a supply of fishing nets for Alaska, valued at \$30,000.

Rules for Perfect Hands.

Don't cut the nails without first holding them in warm water to soften them.

Don't cut the cuticle or any part of the flesh around the nails.

Don't polish the nails in points, but carefully arch.

Don't file and scrape the nails—it only helps to thicken them. They should only be rubbed down with the very fine emery and cinnabar powder which is used for polishing shell and ivory.

Don't allow the nails to remain long soiled with anything that will stain them.

Don't wash the hands oftener than necessary; dry them thoroughly after each washing.

Don't wear gloves that are a size too small or that fasten too tightly. This prevents circulation and makes the hands red.

Don't wear rings that are too small: the inevitable result is disfigurement—red and swollen hands and knuckles.

Don't wear bracelets so tight that they affect the circulation, or so loose that they rub on the wrist joints.



Imperial Hotel, Indian Head, Assa.—M. McGregor, Prop.

Horses, giraffes and ostriches have the largest eyes of land animals; cuttlefish of sea creatures.

Now and Then.

O, I wonder who will love me
When of all youth's charms bereft,
When the roses all have faded
And the thorns alone are left?
In the sunshine of life's summer,
Sweet it is to bask in smiles,
Sipping flattery's honeyed chalice,
Willing captive to her wiles.
Every streamlet laughs and gurgles,
Every bird note thrills with love,
E'er the winds grow soft and tender
Purring in the leaves above.
But when down the slope of autumn
Where the dun clouds mask the sun
Sitting in the lengthened shadows
Of a day that's nearly done,
Clad in sere and sombre garments,
Robbed of every subtle grace,
Gone the golden glint of tresses,
Vanish every charm of face;
Then who'll share my lonely quiet,
Hold my shriveled fingers fondly
Through life's winter and life's night.

—A. M. Costello.



QU'APPELLE VALLEY SCENE, WITH THE CATHOLIC MISSION AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL IN THE DISTANCE.

The Home

Husband and Wife.

She came to the room where her husband seemed taking a peaceful rest, With his thin hands clasped together, like a child's, upon his breast, And she shut the door behind her, then came and laid her head Close down by his on the pillow, and whispered to the dead.

"It's only a little while, Stephen, since you died, but dear, to me It seems like years since you told me it had grown too dark to see, And asked me to come and kiss you, and hold you by the hand, As you started out on your journey to find the Better Land.

"Have you found it? Tell me, Stephen. Speak to your poor old wife. Why need we two be parted in the last days of our life?

But you have gone on before me to find out what Heaven is, And I—O, my heart is breaking, for There'll be so much to miss.

"You do not answer me, Stephen. It can't be that you know That your old wife's talking to you, dying has changed you so. There seems such a distance between us! Stephen, it wrings my heart To think of the grave they'll make you that will keep us so far apart.

"I've brought the old bible, Stephen, you gave me when we wed, Never a day since our marriage but there's been a chapter read. In times of peace and gladness and times of tears and pain We've read it together, Stephen, as we never shall read it again.

"You've no need of it now, my husband, but where else can I find The comfort and help that's needed, now that I'm left behind? Do you remember, Stephen, when our first little baby died, How you read it after the fun'ral and I sat at your feet and cried?

"I remember the chapter, Stephen. It was where the Savior said, Blessed are those who sorrow, for they shall be comforted. O, my arms and my heart were empty, I missed the baby so! Have you found the little one, Stephen? Tell me—I want to know.

"O, go to the dear Lord, Stephen—ask him to let me come. Tell him your old wife's lonely and wants to follow you home. I want to be with you, Stephen—I want to hold fast to your hand. Tell the dear Lord about it and he will understand.

Eben E. Rexford.

A Dainty Cloth Blouse.

For the pretty light weight cloths and crepe de chine this is an excellent model. Both back and front are laid in plaits, the box-plait on the wrong side, and laid not quite to meet on the right side, and



A DAINY CLOTH BLOUSE.

stitched about one-fourth inch from the edge. The full sleeves are stitched part way down, the fullness fitted into a pretty shaped cuff. The epaulettes and collar are decorated with stitching.

Preparation for Washing.

The preparation that should be made before washing is:

- a. Day before gather up all the clothes to be washed.
- b. If any mending, do it before washing.
- c. Get the water fixed if going to wash with hard water.
- d. Soak the white clothes.
- e. Remove all stains if not removed before.
- f. Separate them into piles.

The clothes are soaked before washing because they are lots easier to wash, and the dirt comes out much quicker.

The dark clothes must not be soaked, and dust rags and tea towels must not be soaked with white or starched clothes, as collars, cuffs and shirts.

Handkerchiefs should be treated by putting them in salt water and punched with a stick.

Cut bar soap and put it in a tin pan and melt on the stove.—Farmer's Wife.

Give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one knows and no one cares" blights many a bud of promise

Seasonable

Kitchen Weights and Measures.

- Two cupfuls equal a pint.
- Four cupfuls equal a quart.
- One teaspoonful salt to one quart soup.
- One tablespoonful salt to two quarts of flour.
- One pint of milk or water equals a pound.
- Two cupfuls of solid butter equal one pound.
- One teaspoon extract to one loaf of plain cake.
- Sixteen tablespoonfuls liquid equal one cup.
- One teaspoon of soda to one cupful of molasses.
- One teaspoon of soda to one pint of sour milk.
- Two cupfuls of granulated sugar equal one pound.
- Four cupfuls of flour equal one quart or pound.
- Twelve tablespoonfuls dry material equal one cupful.
- One dozen eggs should weigh one and one-half pounds.
- Three teaspoons of baking powder to one quart of flour.
- Two even teaspoons of liquid equal one even tablespoonful.
- One scant cupful of liquid to two full cupfuls of flour for bread.
- Two and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar equal one pound.
- Three even teaspoons dry material equal one even tablespoonful.
- One scant cupful of liquid to two full cupfuls of flour for batter.

New Ways to Use Fruits.

Fruit, one would think, could not be improved. But a clever housekeeper who has made a study of the subject says otherwise. She declares that many a dish in which fruit figures can be bettered 100 per cent. by the judicious admixture of some other fruit. Here are the combinations she has found worth making:

Blackberries and blueberries make a better pie than either singly. Use the blueberries in the larger quantity.

With very sweet blueberries, lemon juice and rind or a little rhubarb is also a welcome addition.

Combine quinces with sweet apples. Fresh figs or dried figs make a delicious preserve—better yet with a bit of orange added.

Tomato preserve is improved by the addition of sliced oranges.

Tarts of orange marmalade are improved with a sprinkling of frosted almonds—chopped almonds coated with white of egg and sugar.

Pears combined with pineapple—one-fifth as much pineapple as pear—will be liked.

Jelly of apples and pears will have the pear flavor and the apple firmness.

Though the season is about gone for strawberries and raspberries, her suggestions in regard to these fruits are worth keeping for another season.

Strawberry jam mixed with gooseberries is ever so much nicer than strawberry jam plain. To five quarts of strawberries add two quarts of gooseberries, either green or just turning red.

Gooseberries, currants and raspberries in equal parts make a most appetizing jam.

Try combining elderberries with green grapes, gooseberries or crab apples for jelly, sauce or pie. You will not be disappointed with the result.

Either for roly-poly or jam, black currants are improved by the addition of red currants.

Ripe red currants, with ripe gooseberries, make another good mixture for preserves and pies.

Black raspberries, if stewed with some red, juicy cherries, make a good sauce. Stew gently, so as to keep the fruit whole, if possible, as it is more sightly.

Peach jam with grated pineapple, will please you.

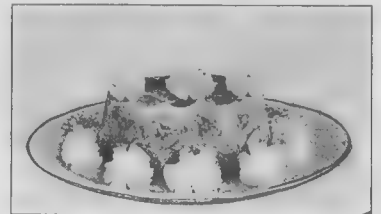
And lastly, though dried fruit is not especially appealing at this season, if you must use it, evaporated peaches and apricots are more appetizing than either alone.

Raspberry Shortcake.

To three cupfuls of flour add two spoonfuls of baking powder. Sift twice, then rub into the flour a piece of butter the size of a small egg. When well mixed stir in enough milk to make a soft dough. Bake in jelly tins, half filling each pan, and having a very hot oven. When the crust is a delicate brown, remove from the pans and with a sharp, heated knife, cut through each cake, splitting into halves. Butter each half and spread raspberries—which have been sugared an hour earlier—between the layers. Serve warm with cream.

Banana Charlotte.

Scald the pulp of several bananas; sweeten and strain some gelatine into the pulp, adding lemon juice. Set the mixture into a pan of ice water, and before it begins to set fold in the beaten



whites of eggs. Line a mould with slices of banana, pour the mixture into it, and, when it has become chilled, turn out and garnish with stars of whipped cream.

Frosted Currants.

Mix four tablespoonfuls of water with the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Select very fine bunches of currants and dip them, a bunch at a time, into the beaten egg; let them drain for a few minutes, then roll them in finely powdered sugar. Lay them to dry on paper and the sugar will crystalize round each currant, giving them the appearance of being frosted. When served on a glass dish with a border of fresh green currant leaves, the effect is exceedingly pretty.



SCENE AT LEBRET, QU'APPELLE VALLEY. PRIOR TO BURNING OF INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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Garden and Flowers

The Water Hyacinth Pest in Florida.

It seems strange to denominate so beautiful a flower as most of us regard the hyacinth a pest, and yet too much of a good thing, not properly placed, frequently becomes noxious; thus it is with the water-hyacinth in Florida. Its beauty can be seen from the vignette, which represents the hvacinth in full bloom, and its pestiferous qualities will have to be imagined from the following description.

It is not actually known when or how this flower was first introduced into Florida, although statistics tell us that it was found in the St. John's River about 1890, in a pond somewhere near Palatka. The settlers tell us that in

They propagate so fast and grow so rank that the narrow creeks running into the larger river are so thoroughly covered, from bank to bank, that boards can be laid across that would easily bear a person, so it is quite impossible to expect anything short of a dredging machine to penetrate them. One can also see how much danger may lie concealed under this dense mass. It imperils the health of the neighborhoods in which it grows so rank, being washed up on the bank, carrying with it the refuse that has been caught among its tangled mass, and decaying, sends forth odors that are neither the most pleasant to inhale nor the most healthful to breathe. Then, too, the hyacinth is destroying the timber industry, as it is impossible to float the logs.

Save the Wild Flowers.

A writer in The Farmer's Wife has a very timely article on this subject. She says that a few years back she came from a well farmed section of New York state, where wild flowers, except

just in sight of her window was a gorgeous bank of waving golden rod in full bloom. One day she "looked out to see it a withered mass, another case of the man with the scythe, and there it lay brown and dry all the fall till the merciful snow threw its blanket over it." To this "vandalism" she takes exception and rightly too. She advocates the farmer cleaning up the roads; it is wisdom to keep them clean, and no one will complain. "But if you cannot do this, let the shrubs and golden rod wave in peace, until you have time to cut and carry them away, instead of leaving them to disfigure the roadside and be an eyesore to all who pass."

"Mothers can do much. Teach your children to respect the flowers, not ruthlessly to tear and destroy them. Love for flowers will follow, and the country life will be enjoyed tenfold when they have been taught to see the beauty around them. Children, do not pull up the beautiful gentians and arbutus, root and branch. Break off the dainty blossoms, and next year they will be waiting your coming again."



Water Hyacinths in the St. Johns River, Florida.

cleaning out this pond some of the plants were thrown into the river, they grew, and were so beautiful that settlers transplanted them to different parts of the river, to beautify their places, and thus the seemingly irreparable mistake was made.

The hyacinth is a native of South America, has a thick bushy root, and floats on the top of the water without any apparent attachment to the bottom. If it could be kept near the shore no danger need be apprehended, but wind and storms send it floating out into the middle of the stream in such large masses that navigation is seriously impeded, and the captains of the river craft are beginning to look upon it with growing fear and horror.

A writer in Harper's Weekly, says:—As I was sailing up the river on the old steamer Everglades, as represented in the sketch, toward Jacksonville. I noticed this great green mass. As we sailed farther up, it became so thick that the vessel advanced with difficulty. The illustration shows how our steamer struck the mass. We backed and pushed, and finally extricated ourselves. The small stern-paddle boats can hardly push their way through these large masses, and at times are completely blocked. I have seen vessels going at full speed brought to a complete standstill.

These plants are capable of doing considerable damage in many ways other than that of endangering navigation.

a few varieties, were scarce, to live in a rather poorly cultivated part of Connecticut. One of the first discoveries near the new home was a short cross-road, whose banks were rich in shrubs and wild flowers such as she had never seen before nor knew existed. With the aid of a work on how to know wild flowers they were identified. They were an endless source of pleasure to herself and children, and a tonic as well, for often an hour, or more, was spent on the lonely bit of hilly roadside with the rushing brook at its foot when she was blue or had no other interest to draw from the house in reachable distance. But a thrifty man came along and purchased two neat cottages on the hillside, "with the result that the dogwoods and dogbane are cut away, the grass is trimmed and the dainty flowers are a thing of the past." One day she was out gathering an armful of ferns which grew in beautiful varieties in the locality. Growing against a rock at the roadside, was a large graceful cluster of feathery fronds, which she would not spoil as there were plenty in a less noticeable spot. Passing that way a few days later, she was pained "to see the beautiful ferns in a withered heap in the grass, the victim of some vandal and his scythe. Within a hundred feet were clumps of nettles and thistles which it would have been a mercy to man and beast to destroy. But, no: his excessive industry had touched but the one thing as he passed." On the roadside

Boys and Girls

Her Little Brother.

That Mr. Brown 'at comes to see
Our Nell most every night,
He thinks an awful lot o' me—
'At's what he does, all right.
'Cause when I stayed las' night in
there
Where him an' her wuz at
He made me get up on his chair
To have a little chat.
It's late fur me to be about,
He sez, an' pats my head,
An' asks me ain't I tired out
An' want to go to bed.
I told him "No, indeedy, sir,
I'd rather be with you."
He laughed, an' then he sez to her:
"I've won your brother, too."
Nell smiled at him. It made her look
Real pleased. I guess 'at she
Wuz really truly glad he took
An interest in me.
"My boy," he says, "I thank you for
Your splendid compliment.
Just run 'round to the candy store
An' spend this bright new cent!
Here, take it, don't you hesitate,"
Says he, an' gev me one.
I tell ye what, I didn't wait,
But jist sez "Thanks!" an' run.
But while I wuz a-lookin' for
The place I left my hat,
I couldn't help look in the door,
Where they wuz sittin' at.
Nell had her lips turned up to his
An' his wuz close to Nell's.
An' then, first thing you know, gee
whizz!
I seen 'em kiss theirselves.
I guess Nell kissed him jist to show
How pleased she wuz 'at he
Had been so very nice an' so
Real generous to me.

Boys Essay on the Hen.

A boy who was required to write an essay on hens produced the following: "Hens are curious animals; they don't have no nose nor no teeth nor no ears. They swallow their whittles whole and chew it up in their crops inside of 'em. The outside of hens is generally put into pillers and into feather dusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled with marbles and shirt buttons and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more tomato plants than anything that ain't a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum puddings. Hens have got wings and can fly when they get frightened. I cut off a hen's head with a hatchet, and it frightened her to death."



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Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls.

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of the Monthly. Answers will appear in the August issue.

Puzzle.

1. In almost every house I'm seen,
No wonder that I'm common,
I'm neither man nor maid nor child,
Nor yet a married woman.
2. Black as mud, red as blood;
White as milk, soft as silk;
Hard as a horn, sharp as a thorn;
And such a thing was never born.
3. Black upon black and black upon
brown; three legs up and three legs
down.
4. My first is in grotto, but not in
cove;
My second is in fly, but not in bee;
My third is apple, but not in pear;
My fourth is in land, but not in
money;
My fifth is in shoe, but not in
foot;
My sixth is in party, but not in
ball;
My seventh is in engine, but not in
steam;
My ninth is in fire, but not in
burn;
My whole is a great man that lived
in England.
5. When is a signature like a dead
pig?
6. I'm a strange contradiction;
I'm young and I'm old;
I'm sometimes in tatters,
Though oft decked with gold;
I'm English; I'm Icelandic; I'm
French;
I'm German; I'm Celtic or Gaelic;
Some slight me too often;
Some love me too much.
In form, too, I differ;
I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh, nor no bones,
Yet oft covered with skin.
I sometimes die young,
Though I often live ages;
And no monarch alive
Has as many pages.
7. What is the most wonderful ani-
mal in the farm yard?
8. Arrange the numbers up to 25 in
the form of a square of five numbers
each way, so that when the lines added
together will amount to 65.
9. What is it that lives in the winter
and dies in the summer, and grows
with its roots upward?
10. Why is a lawyer's tongue in ap-
pearance like a merry-go-round?
11. When is a woman a thief, while
dressing?

12. The lover's grove—
I'm required to plant a grove,
To please the lady whom I love;
This ample grove to be compos-
ed
Of nineteen trees in nine straight
rows.
Five trees in each row I must
place,
Or I shall never see her face.
13. What two numbers give the same
answer when added as when multi-
plied?

Answers to June Puzzles.

1. Western Home Monthly.
2. Too wise you are, too wise you
be, I see you are too wise for me.
3. Her coachman.
4. Diamond—

P
TAN
PAPER
NET
R

5. Thomas Jefferson,
John Quincy Adams,
Abraham Lincoln,
William McKinley.
6. The letter M.
7. Sweatheart.
8. The sea.
9. Because she has fellows all
around.
10. Violin.
11. Because it has a bank on each
side of it.
12. Word square—
Moab,
Once,
Acts,
Best.
13. He first fills the five out of the
eight; he then fills the three out of the
five and pours it into the eight again;
he then pours the two out of the five
into the three; he then fills the five
again out of the eight and dips the
three with the two in into the five to
fill it and then pours the three into
the eight which had one in it, which
leaves four in the eight and four in
the five.

Prize Winners.

- Elizabeth Ballantyne, Broomhill,
Man.
Grace Ostrander, Brandon, Man.
Eldon Hannah, Killarney, Man.
Florence M. Kerswell, Goose Lake,
Man.
John Borkman, Kleefeld, Man.
Isaac Toews, Kleefeld, Man.
John Tansley, Birtle, Man.
Vera Magoon, Carstairs, Alta.
Thos. Garry, Willow Brook, Assa.
Lena Baldwin, Emerson, Man.
I. S. White, Riding Mountain, Man.
R. Surtees, Clarence Creek, Ont.
Peter Englund, Broomhill, Man.
Mary Latimer, Calgary, Alta.
Mary Gordon, Fort Saskatchewan,
Alta.



UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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THE BURSAR, Upper Canada College, Deer Park, Ont.

Malcolm Ross, Rainy River, Ont.
R. Tully, Rosser, Man.
Lois Foat, Carstairs, Alta.
N. B. Dryden, Galt, Ont.
Carrol Record, Markerville, Alta.
Halldor Halldorson, Foam Lake,
Assa.

Mrs. J. B. Taylor, Nesbitt, Man.
Bessie Neely, Toronto, Ont.
Roscoe Richardson, Devlin, Ont.

Magnified Eggs.

Mosquito eggs are laid on the sur-
face of stagnant water in bunches like



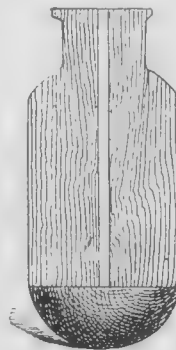
this, though the picture here is greatly
magnified.

There are lives of wearisome mono-
tony which a word of kindness can re-
lieve. There is suffering which words
of sympathy can make more endur-
able, and often in the midst of wealth
an luxury there are those who listen
and long in vain for some expression
of disinterested kindness. Speak to
those while they can hear and be help-
ed by you, for the day may come when
all our expressions of love and appre-
ciation may be unheard.

Orange Meat
The Nation's Cereal

The Magic Bottle.

Get a piece of pitch, paper pulp or
some other light substance, three or
four inches in length, and about half an



inch in diameter, and trim it into
the shape of the
bottle. Cut a
bullet in two and
fasten the bottom
of the bottle to
the flat side of
one of the halves.
Make a hole down
through the cen-
tre of the bottle,
and provide a
piece of heavy
wire to slip into
the hole easily,
with its end out
of sight. You can make the hole more
readily before attaching the half bullet.
The bullet must be covered neatly with
paper, so that it will not be noticed,
and the whole device should be paint-
ed, as this will serve to conceal the
trick. Now, you tell the onlookers
that the bottle will obey your com-
mands, and having ordered it to stand
up, you place it on the table without
inserting the wire, when nothing will
keep it from an upright position but
holding it down. It is the weight
of the bullet, you see, that keeps it
standing. Then you order it to lie flat
on the table, and as you take it in your
hands to give the order you deftly
insert the wire in the hole, and lay the
bottle down, when the weight of the
wire will keep it in that position. As
the wire goes far enough into the hole
to be out of sight, no one will suspect
its presence. This is a neat and mysti-
fying trick, if skilfully performed.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SORTING SHED AND SAWMILL OF THE RAINY RIVER LUMBER CO., RAINY RIVER, ONT.

A Petrified Ship
in Alaska.

W. A. Reid, secretary of the Skagway Y. M. C. A., has returned from the interior of Alaska, where he talked with Indians, whose earnest statements, he believes, fully confirm previous reports that the Indians of the lower Yukon have discovered an immense petrified ship on the Porcupine River near the Arctic circle and north of Rampart, Alaska.

Secretary Reid talked with the Indians, who convinced him that they saw the great boat, which is lying partly on its side, and when asked regarding its dimensions they traced on the ground indicating its length to be twelve hundred feet. The Indians stated that everything connected with the boat was petrified. Among the things inside of it was a large safe or chest. Thinking there might be something inside of this they rolled it out of the ship and down the mountain-side, using levers and skids for their purpose. They thought it might break open, but in this they were disappointed. While the chest was hollow it remained intact. The Indians finally became convinced that the whole contrivance was something connected with the Holy Spirit, so they left it, but promised to pilot others there at the time. Reid intends to return to the interior of Alaska this summer, in which event he will take some Indians and request army officers to detail soldiers to accompany his investigating expedition. The ship is located near the top of a hill, thousands of feet above the sea level.—Exchange.

Grains of Gold.

There is many a match between a refusal and a kiss.

The most charming lovers often make the very worst husbands.

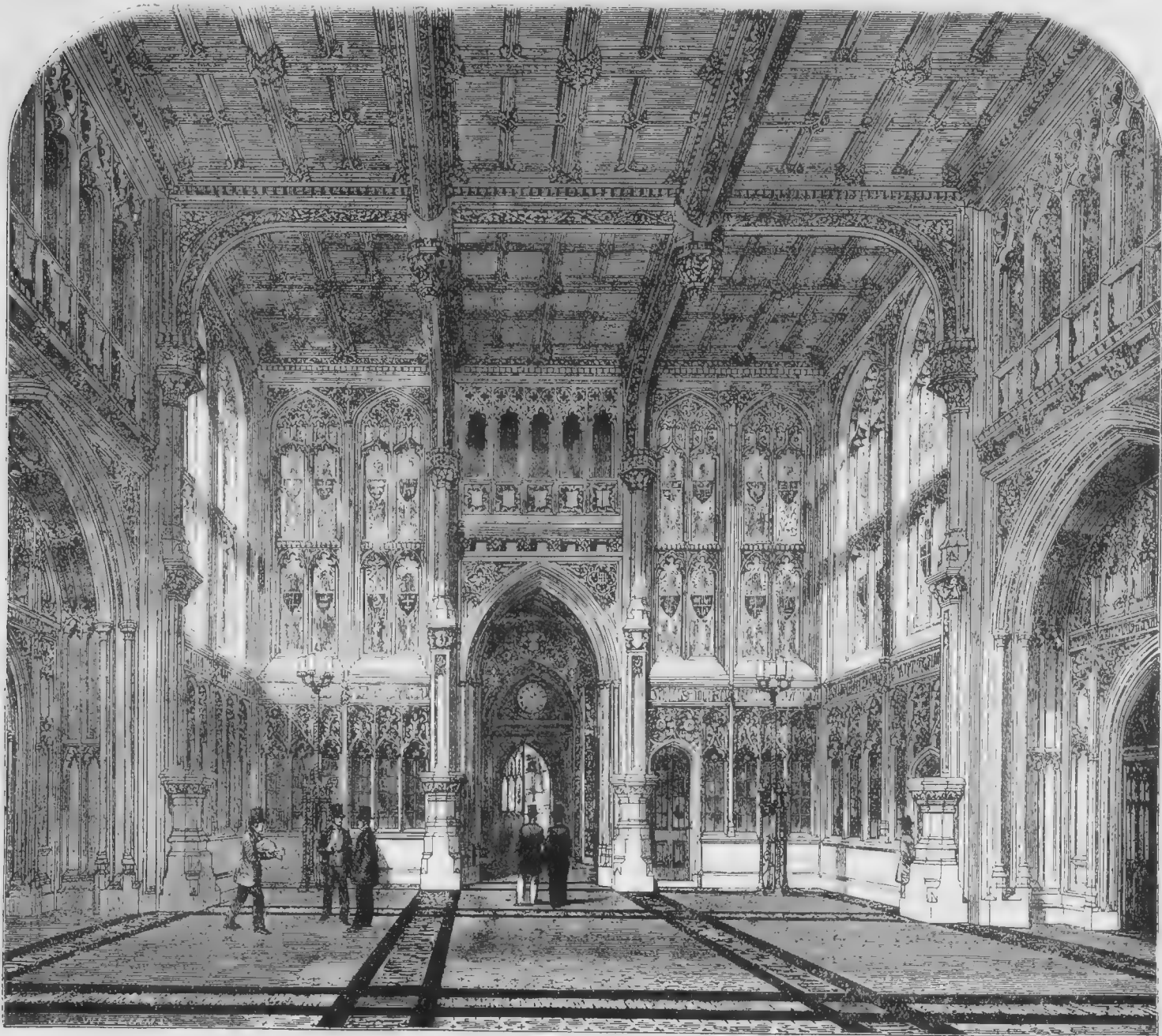
Beware of the man with one bad habit; there's safety in numbers.

No man is high enough to be above sympathy, or low enough to be beyond its reach.

It is a great pity that it is so much easier to win a woman than it is to live with her.

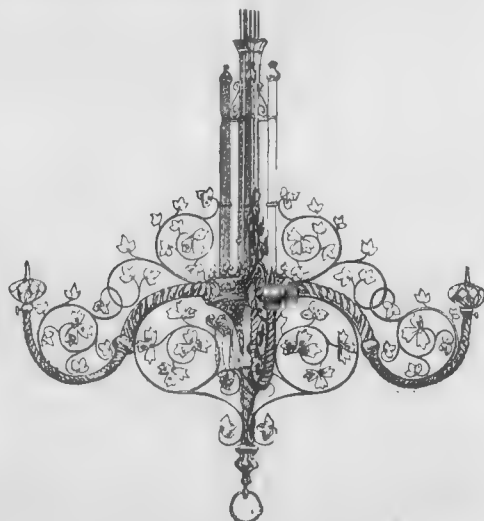
No woman who really cares for a man wants him at her feet when he is capable of rising to her heart.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT



LOBBY OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Our illustrations this week of the new Palace at Westminster consist of a representation of the beautiful Lobby to the House of Commons, two statues—one from the Victoria Tower, and the other one of the series of Magna Charta Barons, for the niches in the House of Lords, and a chandelier from one of the corridors. The Lobby is a very fine apartment, square in plan, about 45 feet each way, and having a doorway in each side. It forms the chief vestibule to the House of Commons, and by a short corridor communicates with the great octagonal hall in the centre of the Palace, and this, in fact, forms the only entrance

STATUE OF GEOFFREY DE MANDEVILLE, HOUSE OF LORDS
J. B. WESTMACOTT, SCULPTOR

CHANDELIER IN CORRIDOR OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

for the public to the Lobby. Each side of the Lobby is alike in its general features, being divided into three equal parts—the central portion containing a deeply recessed and lofty doorway, and the others being divided into two stories. The lower of these are used as offices connected with the House—such as the vote office, post-office, &c.; and, in the upper stories, on the east, west, and south sides, are windows filled with stained glass, and on the north side the tracery of the windows is confined, the plane surface of the wall being painted to represent coloured glass. Underneath the windows, on a frieze, on each wall, is sculptured the following legend:—"Domine salvam fac Regiam, nostram Victoriam." The divisions of the walls are marked by bold projections, the lower parts being deeply paneled buttresses, whence rise columns, their capitals serving as corbels to carry the main ribs, of richly-carved oak, which divide the ceiling into nine parts, and having four massive pendants at

STATUE OF ST. GEORGE IN NICHE OF THE VICTORIA TOWER
J. THOMAS, SCULPTOR

Dairying in Canada.

The Northwestern Agriculturist, of Chicago, says:

Many of us have an idea that Canada means a bit of land lying up close to the north pole, and only getting a few rays of sunshine during two or three months of the year; losing sight of the fact that Canada reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific and covers an area of 3,204,381 square miles.

It seems to be the general impression among the farmers and dairymen of Minnesota that Canada does not amount to much in any of the agricultural industries except that of wheat raising, and it may be of interest to dairymen especially to know what is going on there in the dairy line.

In Mr. Wheaten's Canadian Dairy Notes in Hoard's Dairymen it is shown that there have been great strides made in the dairy line in Canada in the last few years. In giving a review of the work at the recent Dairymen's convention, which was held at Belleville, Ontario, Mr. Wheaten says: "President Derbyshire in his opening address, reviewed the year's business, which had been a most successful one.

He estimated that the output of cheese in 1903 would bring into Canada no less than \$28,000,000, and of butter \$7,000,000. If to this is added \$16,000,-

000 for bacon, we have a total of \$51,000,000, or \$7,000,000 more than in 1902. These are large figures, and, as contrasted with the total output of only five years ago, show remarkable development of this, Canada's greatest agricultural industry, in recent years."

Canada is making very rapid progress in dairying, not only in quantity but also in quality; which, if continued, will in a few years surprise many nations.



The friends that wealth makes are as the quicksands, but the friends of poverty are like the fixed stars of heaven.



How many people are aware of the origin of that special female prerogative belonging to the leap year? By an act of the Scottish parliament passed during the reign of Margaret, "Every maiden of both high and low degree shall have liberty to speak to the man she likes." And mark this, all ye bachelors of 1904: "If he refuse to take her to be his wife he shall be mulct in the sum of £100 or less, as his estate may be, except and always if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another, then he shall be free."

EATEN HOT OR COLD

If you do not care to eat it cold,
Eat it hot.

Orange Meat

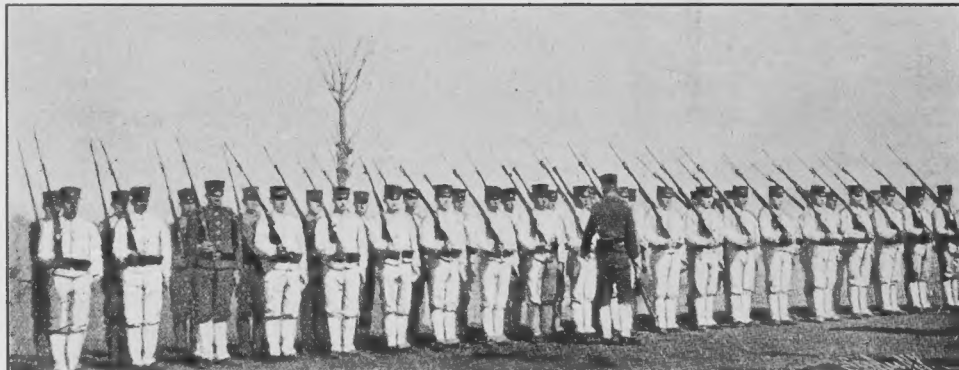
Can be taken either way. If hot, place in hot oven for a few moments, or serve with warm milk or cream.



ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT



IN THE TRENCHES.



INFANTRY AT DRILL.



"REPEL CAVALRY."



HAULING BAGGAGE TO THE TROOP TRAIN.



THIRD REGIMENT IMPERIAL GUARDS.



INFANTRY HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.

JAPANESE ARMY VIEWS.



Uncle Daniel Harmon's pastor was a vigorous temperance advocate. For years and years he had preached to the old man about the virtues of total abstinence, but had never succeeded in convincing his parishioner that it was wisest and best for him to part company with the "cussid stuff." At last one day, after long persuasion, the minister managed to extract from the old man a promise that he would not drink another drop. The Saturday night following the day on which this promise was obtained the parson met Uncle Dan on the street with a basket of groceries in one hand and a tell-tale "little brown jug" in the other.



"What you got in dat jug, Uncle Dan?" asked the parson.

"It's liquor!" exclaimed the old man; "it's liquor. It sho' is liquor, an' I ain't gwintah lie 'bout it."

"Whose liquor is it?" inquired the minister.

"It b'longs to me an' Deacon Walkah—me an' 'Deacon Walkah, sah," said Uncle Dan, looking the questioner straight the eye.

"Bruddah Harmon, you ain't forgot yo' promus so soon, is you?" asked Rev. Mickins. Uncle Dan made no reply.

"Set dat jug down—set it right down, commanded the parson, "an' po' dat whiskey right out on the groun'!"

The old man put the basket and jug down. Then straightening up, he said:

"Bruddah Pastah, you knows I tries to 'bey you in ey'yt'ing—I sho' do; but I don't think you'd want me to

follah yo' ohdahs in dis mattah ef I tol' you it would cause me to treat Deacon Walkah wrong."

"I don't see," protested the preacher, "how you'd be treatin' Deacon Walkah wrong by po'in' out dat liquor?"

"Ain't I done tol' you," explained Uncle Dan, "dat me an' Deacon Walkah went 'in cahoots' in buyin' dis liquor—dat ha'f uv it b'longs to him an' de uddah ha'f b'longs to me?"

"Dat's so," said Rev. Mickins, "dat's so, Uncle Dan; well, den, you po' out yo' ha'f—I reckon you kin do dat!"

"Dat's onpossible," said Uncle Dan, "dat's onpossible; I can't po' out my ha'f 'dout po'in' out Deacon Walkah's ha'f."

"How's dat?" asked the preacher. "How's dat?"

"'Cause," said the old man, "Deacon Walkah's ha'f's on top, an' mine at de bottom!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Uncle—"Well, Bobbie, I hear you are learning to swim." Bobbie—"Pes. So are you, ain't you uncle?" Uncle—"No, my lad. Why?" Bobbie—"Oh, I heard father say yesterday that you had a hard job to keep your head above water."—Boston Globe.

"Paw, asked the inquisitive kid, "when you were in Rome that time did you do as the Roman's do?"

"I suppose so, my son."

W'ell, then, all I've got to say, paw" chuckled the lad, who evidently had before his mind's eye the wrong set of pictures, "is that you must have looked mighty funny, going around in broad daylight wearing nothing much but a long-tailed shirt and a Roman nose!"

A little girl ran in to a chemist's shop and asked for a penny's worth of pills. "Antibilious?" asked the chemist. "No" said the child, "uncle's bilious."

"Remember," said the Indiana preacher, "our quarterly meeting next Sunday. The Lord will be with us in the morning service, and the presiding elder in the evening."

Why is love like a canal boat? Because it is an internal transport.

Why is it difficult to flirt on board the Cunard steamers? Because all the mails (males) are tied up in bags.

Why should you consider it unlikely that Abel was killed by a club? Because it is well known that he was killed by a Cain.



Pursuit of the enemy.



The battle.



Change of front by the pursue.



Wavering.



Manœuvres.



Precipitate Retreat.



A skirmish.



The cause of it all.

TOLD BY A TAIL

What cape does a cross baby resemble? Prince of Wales.

Why are hogs like trees? Because they root for a living.

What is the oldest tree in America? The elder tree.

What is it that walks with its head downwards? A nail in a shoe.

What city does a young woman wearing a man's vest resemble? Galveston.

What two letters do boys delight in, to the annoyance of their elders? Two T's (to tease).

Why is your father's nose like a well-trained child? Because it is always under a parent's eye.

Why is an offering like a matrimonial engagement? Because it begins with an offer and ends with a ring.

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Because they need carrying out.



PLOT OF FLOWERS ON EXPERIMENTAL FARM, INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.

Immigration.

The following table, copied from the statistical year book of Canada for 1903, gives the number of declared settlers arrived in Canada during the years 1898-1903:

Nationality.	DECLARED SETTLERS.			Fiscal		
	No. of immigrants arrived in calendar years ended June 30	1898.	1899.	1901.	1902.	1903.
From the U.S.	9,119	11,945	8,543	17,987	26,388	49,473
English and Welsh	9,476	8,676	4,129	9,401	13,095	32,610
Irish	738	1,337	1,337	933	1,311	2,236
Scotch	1,400	747	669	1,476	2,853	7,046
Doukhobors	5,509	7,350	4,392	4,702	6,550	10,141
Galicians	563	6,700	1,887	984	1,048	1,887
German	780	476	780	1,750	2,451	5,448
Scandinavian	724	1,526	714	1,750	2,451	5,448
French and Belgians	545	413	253	492	654	1,240
Hungarians	370	370	370	546	1,048	2,156
Austrians	155	155	155	228	320	798
Russians and Finns	1,310	1,310	1,310	1,726	3,759	7,277
Other nationalities	3,832	5,169	1,941	8,924	7,902	8,152
Total	31,900	44,543	23,895	49,149	67,379	128,304

* A few Doukhobor arrivals are included in other nationalities.

COST.

The amount expended on account of immigration in these years is given as follows:—

1898.	1899.	1900.
\$261,195	\$255,879	\$434,563
1901.	1902.	1903.
444,730	494,842	642,914

HOMESTEAD ENTRIES.

Following is a statement showing the number of homestead entries made during the calendar year of 1903 and the nationality of the homesteaders, as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year:—

	1902.	1903.
Canadians from Ontario	3,587	3,977
" " Quebec	364	550
" " Nova Scotia	91	152
" " New Brunswick	96	98
" " P.E. Island	39	79
" " Manitoba	885	1,055
" " N.W. Territories	438	611
" " Brit. Columbia	50	66
Persons who had previous entry	1,469	2,451
Canadians returned from the United States	737	777
Americans	8,061	10,302
Newfoundlanders	1,649	3,632
English	478	831
Scotch	268	325
Irish	110	232
French	40	65
Belgians	13	17
Swiss	5	21
Italians	45	88
Roumanians	6	10
Syrians	543	934
Germans	1,987	2,805
Austro-Hungarians	3	19
Hollanders	48	61
Danes (other than Icelanders)	183	203
Icelanders	431	583
Swedo-Norwegians	267	315
Russians (other than Mennonites and Doukhobors)	111	94
Mennonites	207	2,284
Doukhobors	3	7
Chinese	1	1
Poles	1	1
Spaniards	1	1
Brazilians	1	1
Bulgarians	1	1
Turks	1	1
Persians	1	1
Australians	1	1
New Zealanders	1	1
Total	22,215	32,682

Cheerfulness is a small virtue, it is true, but it sheds such a brightness around us in this life that neither dark clouds nor rain can dispel its happy influence.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart—never to believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it to be true; never to tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary and that God is listening while you tell it.

A Valuable Accomplishment.

"There's a man we would find it hard to do without," said the head of a big wholesale house, as he showed me over the place. "He is simply invaluable." The man in question was portly, middle-aged, and not strikingly clever looking. Somebody made bold to ask in what particular line he excelled. "He has the accomplishment, gift, whatever you choose to call it, of being able to write a letter. You are thinking that most people can do as much, but there are letters and letters. If you were in business you'd understand what I mean. The man knows exactly what to say outright, what to merely suggest, and what to leave unsaid. I can leave the most delicate, most difficult correspondence in his hands. There is a blunder made—we don't claim to be infallible—and a blunder is the root of many a business trouble. "Fix it up," we say to him, and cease to worry.

Some cranky customer feels he has been unfairly dealt with, and writes us to that effect. His is curt, unreasonable, and discourteous. Our man re-

plies. I wish you could see that letter. It is a masterpiece. Just dignified enough to make the other chap wish he hadn't used certain expressions. Just conciliatory enough to make him feel friendly. Just respectful enough to restore his self-conceit. The customer stays with us. The most irate individuals calm down once our man takes his pen in hand to set them right. He has what we term the soothing touch. Do you wonder we find him invaluable? The writing of a good letter is a rare accomplishment."



Two Most Agreeable Mouth Washes.

An excellent mouth wash may be made by dissolving a tablespoonful of prepared borax in a pint of hot water. Before the water is quite cold add a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor and a teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh. A wineglassful or more of this should be used to rinse the mouth night and morning.

Another good mouth wash may be made by putting a tablespoonful of prepared borax and a drachm of camphur into a decanter containing about a pint and a half of cold or warm water. The clear liquid may be used to rinse the mouth with, and more water added as required, until all the borax and camphor are dissolved. The excess of camphor will float on the top, and the excess of borax fall to the bottom of the decanter, to be taken up as fresh water is supplied.

STRENGTH FOR WEAK MEN



Nature intended you to be strong. You have the physique, the constitution, and yet you do not feel the vim, the sand, the ambition one would expect in a person of your age. What is it? Why, a lack of vitality—the foundation of strength. You have lost it, no matter how. Get it back, feel young, look young, act young. Life is beautiful when you have health. I can cure you with my

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT.

It is a positive cure for all weaknesses in man or woman. It is a wonderful tonic, a vitalizer. When you arise in the morning, after having worn it all night, you feel the vigor of youth in your veins. It floods the body with warm, glowing vitality that makes the nerves strong, quickens the circulation, restores natural vigor and makes its wearer feel like one born again.

It cures, to stay cured, Nervous Debility, Weakness of any kind, whether in Nerves, Stomach, Heart, Liver or Kidneys. It cures Rheumatism, Pains in Back and Shoulders, Sciatica, Lumbago, Indigestion, Neuralgia, Constipation, Dyspepsia and all troubles where new life can restore health.

STRONG PROOF:

"If I can do anything to help you sell to others I will do so, for it will cure anyone suffering from pains in any part of the body. I would not take twice the price for mine now."—ROBERT RIMMER, Arcola, N.W.T.

"I am strong and weigh heavier than I ever did before. I have not tasted a single drop of medicine since using your Belt, whereas before I was constantly taking something. I find it all you claim for it, and more."—GEO. A. MULLETT, Elm Springs, Man.

"After thirty days' use of your Belt I feel more energetic, more lively, and better in every way. I have the greatest confidence in your Belt, and know that I shall soon be completely cured."—NICHOLAS SULLIVAN, Wal. er, Ont.

"I have been wearing your Belt every evening for a month, and I must say that I feel ever so much better. On rising in the morning I feel so bright; in fact, dear sir, I do not know how to thank you."—MARGARET J. NELSON, 73 Hazen Street, St. John, N.B.

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PAY WHEN CURED.

FREE BOOK. I have a book which every man should read (one for women also). It tells of facts that are of interest to every man who wants to remain young in vitality at any age. If possible call and let me show you how my Belt cures. I will talk over your case with you. **CONSULTATION FREE.** If you can't call send for my Book. I mail it to you closely sealed free.

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